

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1870.

The Week.

THE Tax and Tariff Bill and the Appropriation Bill have, of course, occupied the attention of Congress for the last week, and the former is now the subject of the final conferences, while the latter has passed both Houses and gone to the President for signature. The projected expedition to the North Pole gets fifty thousand dollars instead of a hundred thousand. The plans of putting up new buildings for the State Department, extending the Capitol grounds, and increasing the salaries of the judiciary and heads of Departments, which were all Senate amendments, the House defeated, acting under an impression—as to which we wonder how correct it is—that the people demand these small economies. We very much doubt if the people would rage a great deal if the Secretary of the Treasury or the Secretary of State were to get three or four thousand a year more than he gets now. The *Tribune* makes a fearful hullabaloo each year about the continuance of the franking privilege, and one would suppose the voters were on the point of rising in their might and straightway hurling honorable members from their seats; but nobody observes that Senators or Representatives ever do more than go through the motions of repealing the franking law, or that their votes on the subject make or unmake them. And just so we are inclined to think it would be in case Congress took the bull by the horns and gave United States judges a salary that they could live on. The House managers were willing to do something for the Supreme Court justices, but the rest of the judiciary they proposed to leave as at present. To this the Senate managers could not agree, so it will be matter of further conferences next year. Female clerks are hereafter to be paid as male clerks of the same grade—a stroke of statesmanship which ought to secure to the Republican party the votes of the *Revolution* officials when once the franchise is given them. Mr. Drake's attack on Chief-Justice Chase's decision in regard to the status of such suitors in the Court of Claims as were rebels during the war, came to a successful conclusion. It is now declared that all claimants of property in that Court must prove their loyalty from the beginning of the war, else they have no standing in Court. Neither Mr. Johnson's pardon nor the taking of Mr. Lincoln's amnesty oath is to avail them anything. They may, however, apply, if they like, to Congress for relief.

The Tax and Tariff Bill effects a large reduction of taxation, for Congress was compelled to lend an ear to the clamor of the country, and the influence of the Treasury Department was not able to prevail entirely against the unmistakable popular demand for a lightening of the burden. But there is no doubt that Congress might wisely and, with good policy, have made a still further reduction, and that the \$60,000,000, or thereabouts, might very well have been increased to a hundred millions and more. So far as we have got at this present writing, the whole system of special or license taxes is abolished except the licenses of brewers and distillers. The income tax is set at two and a half per cent. instead of five, and the exemption is set at \$2,000. This relieves the law of a great deal of its practical injustice, for it removes from its pressure most of the men of small fixed salaries. The House, as we write, has accepted the diminution of percentage and the increase of exemption, but confers with the Senate as to limiting the operation of the tax to the years 1870 and 1871. There will be more gold watches owned in the country hereafter than the singularly small number which have been in existence here since 1863, for the tax on those articles is dropped, as is that on carriages, billiard-tables, gold and silver plate, boats and barges, passports, legacies and successions, and gross receipts. Stamp taxes are taken off canned fish, transfers of mortgages, and notes of less than \$100. Except stamp taxes, no taxes are henceforth to be paid on sales except on sales of

tobacco, wines, and liquors. The iron men have got the duty on Bessemer steel rails fixed at 1½ cents a pound—a specific duty which is heavier than the present *ad valorem* duty. How this tax will fare in conference remains to be seen. It is also in the bill that goods in bond may be carried to interior ports—a provision which caused much discussion, and divided the East and West by a marked line.

Other Congressional business has not been devoid of interest. On Wednesday week, Mr. Washburn, of the Postal Committee, procured the printing of a large number of his reports on the proposed system of postal telegraphy, and made a speech showing how much cheaper and more serviceable the telegraph might become if used as in England and in Belgium. The Pat.-Woods-Porter breach-of-privilege case came up on Wednesday and Thursday, and whiled away some few agreeable hours. On the latter day a proposal was made that a new voting machine be set up in the hall of the House during the vacation, and it was highly recommended, Mr. Cox informing the House that it was in use in Italy and France, and worked admirably; and that though its use would stop filibustering by dilatory motions, he would waive partisan objections, and vote for its admittance. But Mr. Dickey civilly declared that the concern was all a humbug, so it was rejected. On Thursday, in the Senate the most impudent scheme yet projected for stealing Government land was offered in the shape of a certain amendment brought in by the Postal Committee for the benefit of the American and Oriental Steamship Company, which is to ply between this country and India, by way of the Isthmus of Suez, and wants twenty acres of land in the Southern States for every ton of ships built, and 640 acres for every ship's apprentice taken on board. It was easily killed. While we are on this subject of Congressional honesty we may, as requested, call attention to the fact that for some reason Congress has refused to unseat no less than four Democrats whose seats were contested by Republicans.

On Friday, the Senate Committee, to whom it was referred, begged to be excused from further consideration of woman's right to the ballot, and were so excused. Perhaps the movement feels the effects of the weather; something has taken much life out of it lately. On the same day the Senate agreed that the number of Representatives should be raised to 300. In the House, the bill was passed which is designed to promote reciprocity with Prince Edward's Island. It provides that the island shall admit all United States goods at the same rates as she admits those of Great Britain or any of her colonies, while we, on our part, have greatly lowered the duties on the products of the colony. This is a sort of a premium to the island on staying out of the Dominion, and will not make Nova Scotia or New Brunswick more contented with their lot. The revocation of the treaty three or four years ago did the business men of the maritime provinces great injury, and their dissatisfaction is at the bottom of two-thirds of the disgust with the Dominion. On the same day the Senate took off the disabilities of about 5,000 ex-rebels, but excepted from amnesty G. A. Smith, and Basil Duke, who was generally known as "John Morgan's brains," and the House had its annual talk about abolishing the *Globe*, and, as usual, did not abolish it; it also passed a bill making it possible for a judge to resign, if so minded, after ten years of service, and providing that, in case his resignation is accepted, his salary shall be continued to him.

The Senate, on Monday, discussed the pensioning of Mrs. Lincoln, and seemed to be more inclined to grant her petition. But there was the usual talk from Mr. Yates and others about Mrs. Lincoln and her family having been Southern sympathizers during the war, and about the danger of establishing the precedent of putting a civilian on the pension list. We may, however, without overturning much, establish the precedent, we suppose, of giving a pension to the widows of Presidents murdered in office by public enemies. On the same day, the

amended Naturalization Bill passed. It might as well have been amended out of existence, for any good it can do in the prevention of frauds. It provides for two Special Commissioners of Elections, one from each party, who shall "assist" at elections in towns containing 20,000 inhabitants, and who shall have the services of the United States marshals. The truth seems to be that neither party dares to appear hostile to the speedy naturalization of foreigners, so we are to keep all the old abuses. Georgia, as we write, is not yet in.

We are obliged to postpone to next week the full consideration of the Currency Bill which has passed at last. It orders the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem \$45,000,000 of three per cent. certificates, but does not tell him where he is to get the money to do it with, a somewhat important omission. He is to redeem them as fast as certain \$54,000,000 new national bank-notes, provided for by the bill, are issued by new banks to be hereafter established; and, if he does so, there will nominally be an addition of \$11,000,000 to the currency, but in reality, owing to the scarcity of greenbacks which must take the place of the certificates in the bank reserves, the probabilities are that the banking circulation will be diminished rather than increased. A funding bill has at last been agreed on, which issues \$1,000,000,000 thirties at four per cent.; \$300,000,000 fifteens at four and a-half; and \$200,000,000 of tens at five. There is some hope for these last; but little, we should think, for the others.

The threatened war has served to confirm, in a rather striking manner, the views recently expressed by us on the steady decline of speculation in all branches of business. Our markets have scarcely been affected by it at all. Gold, which in 1866, on the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian war, rose thirty-five per cent. in two days, has barely moved from its recent sluggish inactivity. The public funds have not materially fluctuated. Grain and flour have actually declined, and nowhere is there evidence of any disposition to speculate on the probable results, to us, of a war between the two mightiest military powers of the European continent. That our material interests can remain unaffected by such a war, should it arise, is, however, not to be anticipated. On the contrary, it would have a most far-reaching influence on our national development, and could not fail to bring about changes in the social condition of European nations which would react upon us with double force. The prospect of peace or war is, therefore, for us, of the utmost importance—a fact which makes it all the more remarkable that speculation has not attempted to benefit by it. Even the Currency Bill, with its varied and important provisions, failed to influence the markets in either direction.

The session, as everybody knows, has not been a reputable one. In fact, a more helpless Congress, as far as the national interests are concerned, has not often met and talked, than the Congress now about to dissolve. But it has dealt with one subject energetically and promptly, namely, the case of Pat Woods, a drunken Irishman, who, while drunk, assaulted Mr. Porter, a member of Congress, in the streets of Richmond. Woods met Porter, and invited him to "take a drink;" Porter refused, whereupon Woods smote him in the face. It seems incredible, but it is as true as that the sun is in the heavens, that the House took this offence out of the hands of the police, and made it a breach of privilege; have actually debated it for several hours, Pat being at the bar; went very near imprisoning him for eight months, on the motion of Mr. B. F. Butler; and have finally imprisoned him for three months. We believe it has never been questioned that, to commit a breach of privilege on the person of a legislator, you must know him to be a legislator. There is no pretence that Woods knew Porter; Congressmen have no peculiar costume; and, consequently, what he really did commit was a common assault. A more miserable and ludicrous piece of tyranny, therefore, than treating it as a violation of parliamentary law, was probably never committed. All that can be said about it is that it is a worthy close to the debates on "funding" and on the tariff and the currency. But, if Congress is going to follow this precedent, Congressmen ought to have a uniform, so that, when anybody gets into a bar-room wrangle with the more

disreputable members, he may restrain himself. The House has, however, done itself credit by its treatment of Whittemore, whom it refused to readmit, though it is doubtful whether, owing to its failure to expel him formally the first time, its position now is technically sound. The scamp's labors among the colored people are thus thrown away for the present. But why don't his defrauded creditors in Massachusetts bring him home on a requisition from Governor Claflin? Is he not "wanted," as the police say, in Salem, or thereabouts?

In spite of the great rejoicings there were over the reciprocity clauses in Mr. Burlingame's treaty, and the admission of China "to the family of civilized nations" which that treaty was declared to mark, the arrival of barely seventy-five quiet, well-behaved Chinamen in South Adams, Massachusetts, for the harmless, if not meritorious, purpose of making cheap shoes for American Christians, has raised a great uproar, and thrown a large number of politicians of both parties into a state of terrible excitement. It now appears the Chinese civilization is not only not equal to ours, but is far inferior; that the teachings of Confucius are worthless; that the Mongolian blood is horribly corrupt; that the Chinese population is eaten up by nameless vice; and that "the admission of China to the family of civilized nations" was a great mistake; and that "down-trodden Chinamen" are not going to be allowed to take shelter in this particular refuge of the oppressed. As we have before noted, General Butler has come out against them in a Fourth-of-July oration, and even Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, denies that they have an "inalienable right" to make shoes in Massachusetts; and now the renowned Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, has introduced a bill into the House providing for the appointment of a joint-committee to devise machinery for the exclusion of Chinamen from the United States, except as travellers and merchants. It is safe to predict, however, that it will be as difficult to keep Chinamen out of America, if they want to come, and if employers want their services, as "to keep the skin from perspiring," to use King Louis of Holland's happy phrase, when his brother was urging him to enforce the embargo laid by the Berlin decrees. Nor do we think their advent will prove fatal to the American government or civilization. The only class in the world equal to the task of destroying either is the class of native American demagogues.

The Massachusetts Crispins seem, at least so far as South Adams is concerned, to be completely disorganized by the arrival of the Chinese, and we see that many of them have betaken themselves to other employments. Should the experiment prove successful, and there seems little reason to doubt that it will, it is very likely that the importation of Chinamen will become a favorite mode of resisting strikes all over the country. The lesson to be learnt from the incident by the working-classes is plain enough. Capital cannot be resisted successfully by force, or by restrictive legislation, or by combinations, however well organized. It is too subtle and fugacious a thing, and the world is too large and communication too easy, for any one country or race to retain it one minute longer than it pleases to stay. If it cannot work successfully in Europe, it will go to America; or if it finds America hostile, it will go to Asia. Moreover, steam has given it access to an enormous labor-market, which the trades-unions of Christendom will find it impossible to penetrate. Between India and China it is safe to say that capital now has within its reach, if hard pressed, the labor of three or four hundred millions of very cunning hands, ready to work for small wages, and for as many hours as they can support. In the face of this tremendous fact, the efforts of European and American workmen to coerce capital become almost ludicrous. They have but one means of protecting themselves against its tyranny, and that is, becoming capitalists themselves by co-operating. It is becoming clearer and clearer every day that this is the only road out of their difficulties. Of course, it requires more patience, intelligence, and self-restraint to co-operate than to strike or harangue political meetings, but there is nothing else for it; and working-men are gradually, though perhaps very slowly, beginning to feel this. At a recent co-operative congress, in Manchester, England, it was stated that the number of co-operative

societies had risen from 150 in 1860 to 1,000 in 1870; that they had 250,000 members, and a capital of \$15,000,000; and it is now proposed to establish a co-operative bank, we presume like those of Germany. We fear, however, the movement will not receive the support it deserves till the great craze of a "general strike" has had a trial, and has plunged the industry of the civilized world in confusion.

The long fight at Washington over the New York collectorship has resulted in the overwhelming defeat of Senator Fenton and the triumph of Mr. Conkling, who seems in his heart not to dislike a fight, and who appears to have managed this one with great skill and ferocity. How far to go in congratulating the country on his victory we do not know. He is hardly fighting "for his own hand," or it would be easier to tell; for, doubtless, there is a choice between such a man as he and such a man as Fenton. But, for anything we know, he represents a side which may be as unprincipled and rascally as ever any New York governor was. Certainly the man in whose immediate interest this final battle was fought is not a shining credit to his friend, the President, nor his patron, or rather ally, the Senator, nor even to the Republican party as existent in the city of New York. The scenes at Washington would have been ludicrous if one did not think of what they mean. Heated politicians hurried there from all parts of New York; Tom This was telegraphed for by one set of lobbyists, and Charley So-and-So was summoned to counteract him, and went on with pockets full of affidavits; there was mysterious wine-drinking in hotel-parlors, and much open whiskey-drinking in Washington bar-rooms, and fierce discussions of "claims" and "records;" there was any amount of button-holing, and promising, and threatening; there was betting on "Tom Murphy's chances," and on Fenton. One ornament of the curule chair makes a two or three hours' speech, to show that Tom is a traitor to the party, and a swindling contractor; another Senator calls his honorable friend a thief, a taker of bribes, and a detected traitor to the party; and then, by a vote of forty-eight to three, the most valuable and one of the most responsible offices in the United States is given to a hack politician, unfit for any trust. Senate and President share the honors about evenly. There will now be a clean sweep of custom-house officials, and for the second time in two years the work be committed to green hands.

The Illinois Constitution has been adopted by a heavy majority, the minority representation clause included. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this to the whole country, inasmuch as the constitution will probably be copied elsewhere. The minority representation clause is the first serious attempt made by a democracy to amend its legislative machinery, and is, perhaps, for that reason, and in consideration of the magnitude of the evils it is intended to correct, the most important political reform effected since parliaments first met. Its working will be watched with great interest all over the world, and, indeed, it would be difficult to offer a more instructive study to political observers than the history and debates of the convention which framed this constitution. It will be very curious, too, to watch the experiments of "the men inside politics" on the minority representation rule. At present they are walking round it, and smelling it a little fearfully. They will gradually pluck up courage, however, and handle it, and see whether they can't make a stink-pot or fire-ball of it, or sell it as old cheese.

All other news from Europe becomes unimportant by the side of the news of the French attempt to get up a war with Prussia, which appears to have produced a profound sensation all over the Continent; for, however small our faith in the conclusions of the agent of the Associated Press, there is no getting over the evidence afforded by the quotations of Government funds on the various exchanges. There has been something very like a panic both in rentes, consols, and even in five-twenties in London. The performances of the Emperor are all the less excusable, inasmuch as they are due to his recognition of a theory which he has always waged war against, and against which his dynasty was a standing protest, and which has really lost all force in European

politics—viz., that the family ties of sovereigns exercise an influence on international relations. It is notorious—and a dozen proofs of it might readily be produced—that they do nothing of the kind. Since the French Revolution, there has not been a single war or revolution in originating or conducting which the blood relationship of kings can be said to have played any part. Yet, all the excitement in Paris is due to the pretence that nations do still fight battles to help the then monarch's uncle or first cousin. To what extent the French public shares the fury of the court and the Paris press, it is impossible to make out from the telegrams. Everything we know of the state of French feeling about war points to the conclusion that the Emperor's dread of Hohenzollerns is not shared by the people at large, and that he would in case of disaster have absolutely no sympathy to fall back upon. Some of the stories of his intentions must, if true, call forth many grim smiles at the Prussian headquarters—such as, that he is going to command in person with the Prince Imperial on his staff.

The Prussians, in the meantime, seem to be taking matters very coolly, and have, as far as they show themselves in the controversy at all, the air of men who are quite sure of their game. Their moral position could hardly be better, unless, which is very unlikely, the French hold proofs of their complicity in the Hohenzollern nomination. They have had nothing to do with Leopold's selection; he is not a member of the royal family properly so called; on reflection, they may see fit to discourage or forbid his pretensions. In the meantime, it is the Spaniards who are acting, and not they; and in any event, it is impossible for them to do anything in the presence of hostile military demonstrations. If there is to be fighting, the French will have to begin it, and, if they begin, we venture to predict they will find the Prussians thoroughly prepared, and with one of the finest and best-led armies the world has ever seen. It is worth mention that there is hardly a mile of the Rhenish Provinces over which Prussian officers, of all arms, have not for years been in the habit of doing the work of actual marching and manœuvring, as if in real war, by night and by day. And if Napoleon's nerves can stand the fag of even a fortnight's campaign in that region, he must be in a far better state of health than the public has of late been led to believe.

By the way, we cannot help feeling surprised that none of our daily contemporaries have seized on the present tempting opportunity for getting up a "triple alliance" among the European despots. Such materials for new and startling combinations as now present themselves both to editor and correspondent have not been witnessed for many a long day. We perceive with pain, too, that there is trouble between the *Tribune* and *Times* about the Hohenzollern family, owing to the *Tribune's* having declared that it was Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, instead of Prince Leopold, who was the candidate for the Spanish throne, for which the *Times* raps it over the knuckles. But, then, is the *Times* sure that the *Tribune* does not mean the "Prince Charles, of Roomelee," of the *Worcester Spy*, who is, according to that periodical, hereditary ruler of Constantinople and the parts adjoining, and who has been missing since the late great massacre of the Jews in those regions? Is it not possible that he has turned up in Spain, and is trying to shelter himself from the Sultan's wrath by getting himself made King of that country, with the secret support of the Moors of Granada? Should this supposition prove well-founded—and we regret that we are unable to reveal the source from which it comes to us, but the *Tribune* may rely on it that none of its correspondents, either horse or foot, has access to it—there will be warm work before long. What the effect of this will be on five-twenties, it is difficult to say. We also see, with regret, that the pusillanimous Khedive, whom the *Tribune* got ready for a fight with the Sultan, at considerable expense, nearly two years ago, has utterly and finally backed out of his engagement, and is at this moment in Constantinople, making his peace and submission. This is a little too bad, but we never did believe in the Khedive, and were surprised at the *Tribune's* taking any trouble about him.

"THE CHINESE INVASION."

THE arrival of the Chinese shoemakers in Massachusetts has plunged a great many gentlemen, some worthy and some unworthy, into considerable embarrassment. In the first place, those Republican politicians who were led by their ardor, during the anti-slavery struggle and the reconstruction process, into taking strong ground against the doctrine that there was any marked difference either in the political or moral value of different races, are somewhat appalled by the prospect of having the strength of their position subjected to so serious a test as the influx of countless Chinese. In the second place, our friends the protectionists, who have so long been advocating the exclusion of the products of foreign "pauper labor," while calling loudly for the admission of "the pauper labor" itself—that is, for a protected market for their goods, but an open market for the workmen—are a good deal startled by the prospect of seeing their system applied to such a vast store of pauper labor as the Chinese Empire. In the third place, the uproarious sinologues who amused themselves, after the arrival of the Burlingame Embassy, in abusing Mr. Ross Browne and everybody else, native and foreign, who denied that the Chinese were a progressive people, and their civilization equal, if not superior, to ours, and that the Burlingame treaty was one of the greatest gains ever made by humanity, are now a good deal alarmed by the operation of that very reciprocity clause of the treaty over which they did so much of their crowing. One's enjoyment of tiger-hunting, it has been well remarked, depends largely on which does the hunting—the tiger or the man. So, also, when we agreed to give the Chinese the same privileges in the United States which Americans enjoy in China, and declared that China was henceforward to be considered a member of the family of civilized nations, the value of our agreement seems to have depended a good deal on whether we or the Chinese availed ourselves of it to any great extent; and we suppose we shall now see some of the very publicists who shrieked so triumphantly over Mr. Burlingame's treaty asking to have our minister sent whimpering to the Board of Foreign Affairs at Peking, to tell them that when we agreed to let the Chinese come here freely the same as Irishmen and Germans, we never, never thought they would come. But then, it is quite clear that a country which receives a million and a-half or two millions of immigrants every year, and which is constantly calling for more, and has practically unlimited room within its borders, and which has made itself conspicuous by its hostility to distinctions "based on race, or color, or religion," cannot—consistently with decency or self-respect—get up and tell a great empire, with which it has just concluded a treaty of peace and amity, and before there are seventy thousand Chinamen in the country, that their morals, manners, blood, and religion are so objectionable that we cannot possibly receive them even as day-laborers, except in dribbles. It may not have been wise to talk about the Chinese in the way we did when Mr. Burlingame was here, or rush into the treaty with the enthusiasm with which we rushed into it; but there is now no help for it. We must stick to our bargain. It is too late to have the Mongolian blood analyzed, and the low condition of Chinese morals exposed.

It is quite safe to say, however, that the expectations entertained by some of the alarmists as to the probable volume of the Chinese immigration, are grossly exaggerated; that the number of Chinese who know anything about the United States, or can be tempted into coming here, is comparatively small, and that the "swamping" process with which we are threatened, if it ever comes to pass at all, is indefinitely remote. We think, too, that the fear, into which some orators pretend to fall, that we are going to see "the coolie system" established among us—that is, Chinese laborers working at low wages, in a state of half-slavery, for a long term of years, has no foundation in fact. The coolie system cannot be established anywhere, except in a country where the sparseness of population and the sluggishness of public opinion would allow of the employer using violence to enforce his rights, without the provision of severe legal penalties for desertion or refusal to work. In the United States, the law provides no adequate remedy for breaches of contract on the part of laborers, as those know to their cost who import Irish and Germans; so that, no matter what we may, at public meetings, call the Chinese whom

capitalists bring in—coolies, peons, or slaves—they will be, in practice, as free from the first day as any Irish hodman in New York. If one of them runs off or refuses to work, the employer will have no remedy but an action for damages—whether he could resort to a bill in equity for specific performance, we are unable to say—and we presume no Chinaman would object to any employer's pursuing him with weapons of this sort, as long as he found any solace in it. As to coolies being subjected to any species of corporal compulsion in any workshop or factory in the United States, those who fear this can hardly have estimated the keenness of the look-out which is now kept in all parts of the country, by large numbers of gentlemen, for attempts to "establish caste in America." Let us but hear of one or two cases of coercion, or attempted coercion, and we should see the victim surrounded by more "rising young lawyers" with writs of habeas corpus, and more members of Congress, and persons anxious to be members of Congress, with speeches and exposures, than the largest factory in the United States could possibly contain. Indeed, let the employers be ever so peaceable and long-suffering, we do not doubt that there will spring up what may be called a coolie bar, composed of legal gentlemen entirely devoted to egging on the Chinamen to make their masters uncomfortable in innumerable ways. So that we earnestly recommend all persons who are afflicted by the prospect of even a partial revival of slavery amongst us to hang up their harps and trumpets, and possess their souls in peace. We doubt if even Mr. Banks will ever be able to get materials for one report out of this particular field of possible human misery.

But, supposing that the Chinese are likely to come in vast numbers and undersell our laborers by their low standard of living, and debauch our politics by their ignorance and immorality, what can we do to prevent their coming? Nothing, we fear. We have gone too far in leaving all these things to be taken care of by Providence, to go back now and attempt to construct protective machinery. There is no way in which they can be shut out, and we are quite sure that any party which attempted to provide one would cover itself with ridicule. All the forces and ideas and wants of the age would fight against anything of the kind. Not that we agree with General Hawley, that we ought, "with the flag over our heads and the New Testament in our hands, bid them come." This mode of meeting difficult political problems has been tried long enough, and has met with very indifferent success, though it is still a favorite with a great many good people. It has been found in practice that when you sit down in this way the thieves come and sit down beside you, with far larger flags over their heads and a far larger Testament on their knees than yours, and, after having read you to sleep, go along the road, and "clean out" the passengers, and, when you wake up and open your Testament again, you find, on the whole, the world somewhat worse than when you closed your eyes. If we are really to be beset by a great swarm of men of an inferior civilization to ours, it will be well to wave the flag and well to read the Bible, but we shall need, also, the diligent and careful repairing and strengthening of our political fabric. We shall need stringent measures for the purification of elections, closer attention to the character of public men, a total reform in the civil service, and, above all, the restoration and preservation of the independence of the judiciary. It is the attempt to conduct the complex affairs of a great nation on the model of the town-meeting which has enabled ignorant foreigners to work so much mischief in American politics, and if they succeed eventually in making a change in the form of government necessary for the protection of property and civilization, it will be because Americans themselves have furnished them, in the shape of corrupt and incompetent civil servants and of poor and dependent judges, with the only weapons which can ever put American polity in serious peril.

THE EUROPEAN IMBROGLIO.

WE are witnessing, in the eagerness of the French Government for a fight with Prussia, the first marked and, it is to be hoped, most unpleasant result of the plébiscite. Ever since the vote, the constitutional machinery, which it was fondly hoped that M. Ollivier had set up, has been getting out of gear. The Emperor has openly allowed other persons to speak for the Government in the Chambers, and his adherents

have, it is believed, under the instructions of the Tuileries conveyed through an obscure journalist, voted against the ministry, on one occasion putting M. Ollivier in a ridiculous minority of twelve in the Corps Législatif. In the Senate he has been no less unfortunate. The convention he recently made with the Pacha of Egypt about the capitulations, or treaties exempting Christians from trial before the native tribunals, will probably not be ratified. Another convention made with Spain, admitting Spanish judgments to recognition in the French courts, without examination of their merits, brought on him still rougher handling in the Senate, and his colleague, the Duc de Grammont, who is now high in favor at the Tuileries, did nothing to help him. The journalist above mentioned, M. Clement Duvernois, a mere creature of the court, who has for some time been carrying on a paper, maintained, it is generally believed, out of the privy purse, of late took to abusing M. Ollivier so fiercely that the Emperor had, in common decency, to dismiss him; but on going he fired a parting shot by announcing that "the ministerial is not necessarily the imperial policy, and that it may often happen that the policy maintained by the ministers in the Chamber is at variance with the personal tendencies of the sovereign;" and that "before the 8th of May it was difficult to distinguish between the Emperor and his ministers; but, thank God, the plébiscite has changed all that." To appreciate the full significance of this, it must be remembered that Duvernois, besides being an "inspired" editor, is a member of the Chamber.

M. Ollivier's retention of his office, under not only these personal slights, but the almost open repudiation of the régime the carrying out of which was his object in taking office, has lost him the respect of nearly every man in France whose respect is worth having; but the complete exposure of the hollowness of the pretence that parliamentary government had been restored seems to have been reserved till now. The attempt to pick a quarrel with Prussia about the Spanish crown is being made in a style which makes further concealment of the real state of the Government impossible. Both in the nature of the pretext, and in the manner of putting it forward, there is an ostentatious eagerness on the part of the Emperor and his confidants to make it appear as plain as possible that France is still ruled by a Cæsar, and that the army is still the most important element in the state, and to wipe out the remembrance of the checks of the last seven years, if not by actual war, at least by an amount of bluster which will produce on the French imagination the effect of war.

There is nothing in the offer of the Spanish crown to Prince Leopold to call for sudden military demonstrations on the part of France. There are a dozen ways of accounting for the offer without ascribing it to a desire on the part of Prussia either to annoy France or aggrandize herself. No malice aforethought is implied in it, as in the celebrated Spanish marriages set on foot by M. Guizot. The Spaniards are looking high and low for a king, and turn naturally to the idle young men of royal blood. They have tried Italy, Portugal, and England in vain. The Orleanist princes ruled out, there is no Frenchman available, and it was the most natural thing in the world that they should next turn to Germany; and amongst the eligible Germans there is nobody so eligible as this Prince Leopold. He is a Hohenzollern, to be sure, but of another branch than Frederick William's, is out of the line of succession to the Prussian throne, is nearly as closely related to the French Emperor as to the King, and has had his readiness to accept a situation as monarch advertised, if we may use the expression, by the accession of his brother to the throne of the Danubian Principalities. If, however, he is too much of a German to permit of his reigning at Madrid without offence to France, the course prescribed to the Imperial Government by usage, and courtesy, and a decent regard for peace, and for the opinion of the civilized world, and the course which, let us add, a ministry really constitutional would have pursued, was to ascertain first from Prussia whether she supported or took any interest in the Prince's nomination. If she had repudiated all share in promoting his election, as it appears now she would have done, and as, indeed, she has done, it would only have remained to signify to Spain the determination of France not to permit his accession, and Spain assuredly would not have thought of disregarding peremptory prohibition from such a quarter. It would, indeed, be ridiculous for the Spaniards, after the remarkable displays of indifference to all possible

aspirants to their throne which they have been making for the last two years, and with their treasury on the verge of bankruptcy, to go to war with France for the sake of Prince Leopold, whose name the nation now hears for the first time. In fact, the quarrel, if quarrel there be, lies between France and Spain simply. Prussia really withdrew from the controversy by the repudiation of Prince Leopold, which the telegraph announces she at once made; and here it ought, as far as she is concerned, to have ended.

The Emperor, however, was clearly determined from the outset either to humiliate her or force her to fight, for he has insisted on her not only disclaiming all connection with "the intrigue," but forbidding the Prince to accept the Spanish offer. Now, to this demand Prussia might accede as a matter of comity after the receipt of a serious remonstrance, but it is clearly impossible for her to accede to it when backed by threats and immense and sudden military preparations and warlike articles in the Paris papers. A demand made under such circumstances is almost a declaration of war, and there is no power in Europe which would hesitate to consider it so; but its success would serve the Emperor's purpose nearly as well, and in fact better, than a great and decisive victory. It would relegate Prussia once more to a second-class position, and restore the prestige of the Empire.

It is difficult to extract from the telegrams much aid in calculating the chances of war, inasmuch as the telegraphers naturally select all the startling incidents of the crisis and pass over the quieter and less striking phenomena which make for peace; but if it be true that the French Government has of late been bringing to bear on the Spaniards the pressure which ought to have been applied to them at first, and to nobody else, it would seem that it is preparing a back-door escape from a position which every day must become morally less tenable. A more ferocious display of eagerness for war has not taken place in Europe within sixty years than France is now affording; and in our time any power which takes the field under the strong moral reprobation of the civilized world goes into battle half-armed. It appears, indeed, as if fortune, which has done so much for Prussia, was going once more to crown her with rejoicing; for Bismarck could not possibly have desired a better chance of escape from the various and great difficulties which attend the organization of the new confederation than that which the French Emperor is apparently offering him. The Prussian yoke is a heavy one, and the other members of the confederation are tolerably restive under it. What is wanted to reconcile them to it, and to drive the whole of Germany into a real as well as paper unity, is a foreign war forced on the Government, and no war could possibly do the work so well as a war with France. Austria or Russia, or even England, might in a contest with Prussia find plenty of friends and sympathizers on what is now German soil; but a French army seeking to annex German territory without provocation will find itself face to face not with Prussia only, but Germany in arms; and Germany in arms is, we take it, a foe which France will never again meet with the smallest chance of success. That unseen and indefinable force which we call national vitality, and which, if it does not always win battles, wins campaigns, and holds the future with a mighty grasp, has apparently abandoned France, while it swells the German veins almost to bursting. France is living on her nerves, and splendid nerves they are, but they cannot do the work of muscle. Her population is stationary or declining, her great towns are converted into great sores, her Government has no roots in the soil, and, though the army never was better, it has smaller reserves, in proportion to its responsibilities, in the shape of heart and hope and numbers to draw on, than any of its predecessors, and none of its predecessors has ever undertaken a task so mighty as the subjugation of Prussia, as Prussia will be when the Rhenish Provinces are invaded. We cannot help believing that the sober second thought of the Emperor, if not his physical inability to support the strain of prolonged excitement and anxiety, will yet lead to a peaceful arrangement of the difficulty.

ANOTHER DELICATE SUBJECT.

THE fact, which there is no denying, that there are to be found, amongst the female advocates of Woman's Rights in this country, some whose reputation is positively bad, and others whose reputation would bear

improving, has not unnaturally brought some odium on the whole movement, and this odium is somewhat increased by the belief which many people entertain, that, owing to the chance of acquiring notoriety which the movement offers, the number of such women engaged in it is likely to increase greatly if it continue to spread. These charges the respectable agitators meet by a plea which is known to lawyers as "confession and avoidance;" that is, they say: "True, but what of it? You men, in your politics, have no hesitation whatever in associating on perfectly friendly terms with well-known profligates of your own sex, and think yourselves and your work none the worse of it. Indeed, some of your most famous statesmen have been men of dissolute lives. Now, chastity is a law of universal obligation, just as binding on one sex as on the other. We shall, therefore, not submit any longer to the imposition of pains and penalties for the violation of it on women to which men are not also exposed. If you wish us to be particular about the company we keep, you must set us a good example. Until you do so, we shall follow the good old plan of 'accepting aid from any quarter,' and shall admit everybody to our platform who is willing to adhere to our doctrine and preach it." This is the argument, too, which the Englishwomen who are engaged in the discussion of that savory subject, the Contagious Diseases Act, use freely, with the necessary modifications, and although as yet it is brought forward somewhat timidly in this country, and oftener in private than in public, we have little doubt we shall see it paraded before long as invincible, and large numbers of "strange women" securing under cover of it "spheres of usefulness," from which, under the present heartless social regulations, they are excluded. Some of the respectable section of the agitators are, however, conscious apparently that this view of the subject at least needs defence. Mr. T. W. Higginson, in a recent number of the *Woman's Journal*, utters a mild protest against bringing to the work anything but "clean hands," and deprecates the use of the platform for the repair of damaged reputations or the purging of old stains. Mrs. Stowe has also warned the brethren and sisters away from the discussion of matrimony and kindred subjects, feeling conscious apparently that the views of some of them on these questions can hardly be aired without giving offence. But, with all this, we believe we are right in saying, that from the doctrine that "chastity is a law of universal obligation," which there is no gainsaying, the champions of Woman's Rights have deduced, or are fast deducing, the conclusion that one of the things they may lawfully do, in order to get these "rights," is to treat female violations of the law as no worse than male violations of it, and to disregard, as of male invention for the perpetuation of male tyranny, the old and universal usage which lodges woman's honor in her purity. In doing this, they are doing one of the things which make them in our eyes, and that of a large portion of the community, mischievous people, and mischievous in the direct ratio of their individual worth and influence, and in support of this view we shall resort once more to that plain speaking without which, as we have already said, it seems impossible to discuss this question efficiently.

Although it is true that chastity is a law of universal obligation, it is not true that men's guilt in violating it is as great as that of women, because the degree of guilt depends on the degree of temptation, which in the case of men is very strong, both from temperament and circumstances, and in the case of women very weak. Men's passions are fierce and active; women's, feeble and dormant. Moreover, the way in which the work of life has been divided makes men's exposure to temptation constant; women's, very rare. The race has, therefore, in forming its moral judgment on the quality of offences against sexual purity, always treated the man's guilt as less heinous than the woman's, and although this rule does occasionally work astounding injustice, and has called into existence that great blot on Christian civilization, the cold-blooded male seducer, it does in the vast majority of cases work what, we believe, is in the courts of heaven, as well as those of earth, recognized as substantial justice. The distinction has, however, a utilitarian as well as a purely ethical basis, and one no less important certainly. Like most other of the usages kept up by society for the regulation of the relations of the sexes, it has for its object the maintenance of the integrity and purity of the family. The maternity of a child is a physical fact, very difficult of concealment, hardly ever successfully concealed, and usually provable by many witnesses. The paternity of a child is, on the other hand, simply an inference which derives all its strength from the importance attached to chastity by the female sex. It rests simply and solely on the character of the mother. It is incapable of proof by any other testimony than hers. All that is known about it is locked up in her breast, and to weaken her scruples, therefore, is to throw doubts on the origin of all her children; or, in other

words, to strike at the very roots of the family organization. If we had things so arranged, therefore, that a woman thought no more of violating her marriage vows than a man, we should have probably in a very large part of the world have either to give up the family altogether, or shut women up, as they once were shut up. The inference with regard to the paternity of children, therefore, has to be jealously guarded, not only because it is in the nature of things weak, but because it furnishes what is, in the present state of human nature, the main or sole inducement to husbands to toil and accumulate for their wives and offspring. For, let it never be forgotten, the husband must, except in an infinitesimally small number of cases, be everywhere the bread-winner. Children must always look to their father for most of the arms with which they face the world. Now there may come a time when, after having heard the requisite number of lectures, and read the requisite number of tracts, a man will toil cheerfully for the maintenance and education of such children as his wife may see fit to introduce into the household, without caring whether they are his own or not. But we are still far away from any such consummation. As matters stand, brutal man will neither dig nor delve for the support of any children which he does not possess a moral certainty he has begotten. He acquires this certainty through his confidence in his wife's purity, and society helps to justify it by visiting her lapse from virtue with the deepest of earthly damnations. To be sure, the arrangement does not work perfectly; but then the world is full of imperfections, brethren. We know you would have made a far better world if you had had a chance, and it does seem a pity that so many things, and especially the relations of the sexes, and the manner of perpetuating the species, should have been settled without waiting for your appearance or consulting you. But then, you must admit, it is the Lord's doing, and, if not as well done as you could have done it, is at least unchangeable.

But we have another worse charge to make against this new manifestation of the rage for equality, and a more serious one. Instead of trying to level up—that is, to raise men to the female standard of purity—the agitators are actually, and almost without blushing, trying to level down—that is, to put women on men's lower plane. The necessity of associating with scoundrels, and of pretending not to know that they are scoundrels, is to the best men a horrible necessity. Women are saved, and to their own infinite gain, from having to undergo anything similar with regard to the worst members of their own sex. We know there is often cruelty in the exemption, but we know, too, that it is an unspeakable support to virtue. It might, perhaps, have been better, as we said some time ago, if matters had been so arranged that a man might have thieves for his bosom friends, while entertaining a hearty horror of theft. So also it might, perhaps, have been better if matters had been so arranged that ladies might have prostitutes visit them freely at their houses without losing a particle of their horror of vice. Providence has managed the affair differently. It has made, as is notorious, the avoidance of bad company one of the greatest aids and one of the chief conditions of right living. Women are fortunate enough to be able to avail themselves of it in the cultivation of the greatest of all their virtues, and the most useful. It is now gravely suggested that they throw this aid away, and display for the morals and manners of their fellow-women that beautiful indifference which their brothers and husbands show for the weaknesses of the Fisks and the Whittemores—that is, reduce us all to the same condition of moral phlegm, so that, when we go home in the evening sick and sad, after a day's work among male scallawags and cheats, we may meet our sweet Mlle. Cora Pearl, the distinguished Cocotte, and her friend Madame Dodo, the brilliant and public-spirited proprietor of the celebrated "never-failing No. 3 pills," coming out from a committee meeting in our back parlors.

We venture to affirm, however, that the moral standard which prevails among the women of the Western World, and the precautions they take for its maintenance, are among the most precious achievements of civilization—those of which mankind may most justly be proud. If we were asked to point out the most impressive indication of progress, we should unquestionably name, not the deliverance of women from the bolts, and bars, and veils of the harem, but the commission to their custody of their own purity, and the singular fidelity with which they have fulfilled the trust. We doubt, too, if anything has done half as much for the elevation of men as the lesson which every man learns from his earliest years from them of what is possible in the field of self-restraint, and one of the very best things we know about men is the pains they take to keep the unseemly, or base, or degrading side of life from the eyes and ears of their wives, and daughters, and sisters. Women, it is true, have done little for

the world by their minds; but they have done an enormous deal by their manners, in exemplifying, day by day, virtues of which, in their absence, men would only dream. The next task to be undertaken by them is the introduction among men of their standard of virtue; and not—even for the sake of shining in the edifying wrangles of the caucus and the court-room—the adoption of men's. The value of their contributions to politics is a matter of pure speculation; if we were to judge from what they have done already, we should say it would be very small. The value of their contributions to morals, happily, is a matter of experience. There is no man to whom some woman has not proved a second conscience, and it will be a sorrowful day for humanity when we see men and women in the market-place and the legislature encouraging each other—to use the chaste language of a distinguished male Republican politician and philanthropist—"not to be too damned scrupulous."

ENGLAND.—THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

LONDON, June 24, 1870.

THE great interest of the past fortnight has been the debate—which is not yet ended—upon the Education Bill. The question is, in many ways, so important, and it illustrates so strikingly some of the modern tendencies of English politics, that I must dwell upon the situation at some length. I gave you a short account in my last letter of the then position of affairs. To the surprise of everybody, Mr. Gladstone opened the debate on the motion for going into committee by proposing a new scheme, intended, in the view of Government, to offer an available compromise. This scheme, whether successful or not, considerably modifies the attitude of Government towards the question, and I must shortly explain its nature. There were, as I explained, three classes of schools proposed in the original bill: first, the denominational schools on the present system; secondly, the schools founded out of local rates; and, thirdly, schools founded by denominations, but receiving aid from the local rates. In each of these classes of schools, according to the Government plan, religious instruction might be given in the tenets of any particular sect; but a proviso was inserted to enable the children of other sects to attend the schools without receiving instruction to which their parents might conscientiously object. Mr. Gladstone's present proposal is that, in the second or rate-supported class of schools, the religious teaching shall be strictly "undenominational," to use the expression which has become technical; and that object is to be secured by forbidding the use of any catechism or formula characteristic of any particular sect. By this means, it is hoped that a religious teaching will be given which will be tolerably acceptable to nearly all classes of children. This is regarded as a concession to the party represented by the Birmingham League and the secularists generally. It is balanced, therefore, by proposing to increase the Parliamentary grant at present made to the denominational schools, which was formerly one-third of their whole resources and is now to be one-half. Finally, the third proposed class of schools is to be given up altogether; that is to say, the denominational schools are in no case to receive aid from the local rates. Thus the measure, if adopted, will in fact reduce our system to two classes of schools: schools founded out of the local rates, and supported partly by the rates, partly by the children's payments, and partly by Parliamentary grants, and teaching a kind of neutral religion from which all specific formularies have been cut out as much as possible; and, secondly, schools founded by the denominations, and supported partly by voluntary subscriptions, partly by children's payments, and partly by Parliamentary grants, and giving such religious instruction as they please, though, as a condition of receiving the Parliamentary grant, there is in all cases to be a "conscience clause."

This plan has excited an extraordinary amount of discussion from all sides and from all points of view. It is disputed whether it is a concession to the denominations or a concession to the supporters of a secular system. An animated debate has already lasted for three days, and will last for at least another day. From the chaos of conflicting sentiment, it is rather difficult to disentangle any definite result. Two conclusions, however, seem to be probable. The new plan has certainly not pacified the opposition. Mr. Disraeli did his best to make matters unpleasant on the first evening on which it was propounded; and his attack has been followed up by several of his political friends. They place themselves unreservedly on the side of denominational education, and denounce the kind of neutralized religion which is offered as being equivalent to no religion at all. On the other hand, the radicals are equally clear that the scheme will, in spite of appearances, be on the whole in favor of denominational

teaching. They declare that the religious instruction will be just as denominational as now, in spite of the exclusion of catechisms; and demand that stronger security shall be taken. It is plain enough that the only logical conclusion from their demands would be to exclude religious instruction altogether from the state schools, and leave it to voluntary effort. If the agitation be continued, I have no doubt whatever but that is the position which they will ultimately assume. But it is curious to remark that they are afraid of urging this distinctly and boldly; they dread the unpopularity which might result from saying that the Bible should be excluded from the schools; for, after all, they feel that the Bible is still a good name to conjure by in England; and they, consequently, propose that the religious instruction to be given in the rate-supported schools should consist simply in "undenominational and unsectarian" teaching from the Bible—whatever those adjectives may mean. Hereupon issue is joined, and any amount of eloquence is expended in pointing out, on the one hand, that the English people will not be satisfied without a religious teaching which is something more than a sham; and, on the other, that no Englishman will submit to paying for his neighbor's religion. All the usual commonplaces are advanced with proper energy, and all other aspects of the education question are fairly lost behind the disturbance produced by this exciting topic.

Mr. Forster, whose position has improved more rapidly than that of any of our statesmen during the last few years, has spoken very forcibly of the danger of delay, and the many objections to leaving children uneducated whilst we are discussing what shade of theology is to be impressed upon minds equally incapable of all theological distinctions, and the postponing all the other important questions which are pressing for public attention. The newspapers, for the most part, agree with him in that matter, and cry out with tolerable unanimity against the miserable waste of time and energy due to these vehement discussions. For God's sake, it is said, let us get some system of schools set at work, and drop these ceaseless squabbles which stand in the way of all serious reforms. And yet the debate is continued. Very few members seem willing to sacrifice their eloquence to their patriotism. Indeed, the more the situation is examined, the more serious it seems to be. The indications as to the fate of the present measure are far from distinct; the obstinacy of opposition, both on the radical and conservative side, may protract the discussions to such a length as to render legislation impracticable, or the majority at Mr. Gladstone's disposal may enable him to force it through. Even if carried in its present form, there is danger that it may lead to a renewed agitation during the coming vacation, and he would be a bold man who should feel certain that that agitation would not lead to very serious results. The fact is simply, that the question touches what is just now, and, if I mistake not, is likely to be for some time, the most delicate point in English politics. There is, as I have several times remarked, a growing eagerness about all questions which touch the position of the National Church. It would be useless to enquire who is most to blame or to praise for this state of things; but everybody feels that questions connected with the Establishment have a most intimate connection with our politics. The strongest point of the Church has been the degree in which it has supplied the educational system of the country. In almost all rural districts, the schools have been founded and supported by the clergy, and in towns the clergy have taken by far the largest share in the work. This being so, they have a natural jealousy of legislation which proposes to take the management in great degree out of their hands. Dissenters, on the other hand, are thoroughly determined to take every possible advantage of the change. This is the difficulty which gives the real intensity to the struggle. It is the beginning of a warfare which will probably be carried on with greater rather than less animosity as time goes on; and must ultimately end, as most people believe, in the disestablishment of the Church of England. We are, indeed, a long way from that consummation, and there will be many ups and downs in the contest, many truces and fresh outbreaks of hostility, and many new party combinations, before the end. Meanwhile, however, the existence of jealousies which cannot be really satisfied short of that conclusion is daily more obvious, and serves to embitter controversies which would otherwise be of less importance. Now, Mr. Gladstone is still a genuine believer in the Church of England; though by his legislation in the case of Ireland he has done more than any living man to hasten the inevitable catastrophe. Mr. Gladstone's staunchest supporters, on the other hand, are dissenters, and in almost every English borough the dissenters form a strong and united portion of the Liberal party. Hence, in spite of his existing majority, he is in a position by no means free from danger. He may carry his measures in the House of Commons, but there is always the risk

that by alienating the dissenters he may lose his command of the country. They could change the balance of parties, and upset the present régime, strong as it appears to be at the present moment. The indignant Radicals, like Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and Mr. Dixon, may be in a small minority, but their hostility is of more importance than their numbers indicate, because they have at their backs the great majority of the dissenting interest. I have noticed this, because it is the circumstance which gives real importance to an opposition of no great numerical value. At present, one of two things seems to be almost equally likely. Either the Government will get their own way, or all legislation on the matter will be postponed for a year. As I should exceedingly regret such a conclusion, and would rather see almost any system of schools than none, I hope for the success of Mr. Gladstone's proposal. But if it succeeds, there will still be food for agitation, and I only express the general conviction in saying, that ultimately any compromise, however ingenious, will probably break down, and that the state will either confine itself to supporting the efforts of the different denominations, or, which is far more probable, that it will attempt simply to provide a secular system, and leave the religious instruction of the country to voluntary efforts. The difficulties in the way of any solution are so great, that we have probably a long period of political warfare before us.

I will only remark at present, that one other question seems to be coming up, namely, the efficiency of Parliament itself. Never were so many important questions before it, and never did the House of Commons appear to be so incapable of getting through its work. A proposal was made the other day to forbid the bringing on of any business after twelve o'clock at night. It was finally agreed that it was impossible to draw a hard and fast line, and that the question must be left to the good sense of members. The facts stated, however, were significant of the labor imposed upon ministers by present arrangements. After a hard day's official work, Mr. Gladstone has to be up night after night till long after twelve, ready to take his part in debate, and scarcely able to snatch more than a few minutes for his dinner. Mr. Bright's health has broken down under the pressure, and more than one of his colleagues has suffered materially. Considering how seriously Mr. Gladstone takes every question, and how excitable and vehement he is apt to be, it must be admitted that the strain to which he is subject is almost greater than a man can be expected to bear for many years together. It is not wonderful that arrears accumulate, and the present meritorious effort to get two large measures through the House in a single session seems as if it might aid simply in increasing confusion. The fact is that Parliament undertakes to do too much, and, not content with having supreme legislative power, insists on applying itself to the minutest details. It settles everything, from a change in the land-laws to altering the direction of a road in the Park. Some remedy is clearly needed, and the present era of political activity will, it is to be hoped, call attention to this amongst other aspects of our system.

Correspondence.

COEDUCATION AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Without attempting fully to discuss the merits or demerits of a system which, at present, is attracting much attention all over our country—bearing, as it does, so intimately upon the more important question of "Woman Suffrage"—I beg permission to state a few simple facts concerning coeducation at Antioch, hoping that in the course of my remarks I may be able to correct certain loose statements which, from time to time, have been made, ostensibly for the purpose of giving information relative to the success of coeducation, but really to give aid and comfort to the agitators of "Woman's Rights."

I am further led to make the following statements by an expression of opinion on the part of the *Nation*, of May 26, that it would be desirable to ascertain the average proportion of male to female students in the mixed colleges of the West.

Antioch began its career in 1853 under the direction of Horace Mann, whose well-known reputation as an educator induced a large number of young persons of both sexes to apply immediately for admission. Commencing with the year 1853, the attendance, as shown by the catalogues of the respective years, is as follows:

| | 1853-4 | 1854-5 | 1855-6 | 1856-7 | 1857-8 | 1858-9 | 1859-60 | 1860-1 |
|------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|--------|
| Gentlemen, | 235 | 338 | 348 | 401 | 252 | 207 | 145 | 150 |
| Ladies, | 98 | 141 | 115 | 138 | 138 | 116 | 85 | 96 |
| Total, | 333 | 379 | 363 | 539 | 410 | 323 | 230 | 246 |

| | 1861-2 | 1862-3 | 1863-4 | 1864-5 | 1865-6 | 1866-7 | 1867-8 | 1868-9 |
|------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| Gentlemen, | 121 | .. | 96 | .. | 158 | 133 | 148 | 130 |
| Ladies, | 77 | .. | 72 | .. | 70 | 73 | 84 | 77 |
| Total, | 198 | .. | 168 | .. | 208 | 206 | 232 | 207 |

It will be seen from the table above given, that the average attendance of the ladies bears to that of the gentlemen a ratio varying between the limits $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ nearly. There is no catalogue for 1864-5, and that of 1862-3 I have been unable to obtain.

From 1857 to the present year, the numbers in the graduating classes are given in the subjoined table:

| | 1856-7 | 1857-8 | 1858-9 | 1859-60 | 1860-1 | 1861-2 | 1862-3 |
|------------|--------|--------|--------|---------|--------|--------|--------|
| Gentlemen, | 12 | 5 | 14 | 21 | 5 | 6 | 0 |
| Ladies, | 3 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 2 | 8 | 1 |
| Total, | 15 | 7 | 18 | 28 | 7 | 14 | 1 |

| | 1863-4 | 1864-5 | 1865-6 | 1866-7 | 1867-8 | 1868-9 | 1869-70 |
|------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|
| Gentlemen, | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| Ladies, | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 3 |
| Total, | 1 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 7 |

Here the proportion of the female graduates to the males is from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. It will be noticed that, from 1861 to 1865, the ratio is reversed, that is, the number of female graduates is larger in each case than that of the males, though the numbers in both cases are very small. The cause of this inversion in the ratio is due to the war, which, as is well known, took a large majority of the patriotic young men from the schools and colleges all over the country. This fact is amply sufficient to explain why the number of male graduates was not proportionately larger. Again, Antioch underwent, about that time, a financial crisis which would operate, of course, to the diminution of attendance irrespective of sex. These two conditions removed, I can see no good reason for believing that the ratios existing between the numbers of the male and female graduates previous to the war would have changed.

Of what significance are the figures given in the first table? It is a notable fact that there are many colleges in the country, especially in the Eastern States, which offer better facilities to young men than Antioch has been able to afford. The best class of young men (and I say it without intending any disrespect to Antioch) attend those colleges. Men of less ambition and perhaps of less ability, and men without means, come here. How is it with respect to the other sex? Deprived of educational advantages in her own State, the Eastern girl, intelligent, full of impetus and fire, hurries to join her Ohio sisters in the participation of those privileges which her brother enjoys at Harvard and Yale. We hear it said again and again, that woman is not inferior to man in mental grasp—that she does not want energy—that she can endure as much hard study as man and come out of it better—that all she wants is the opportunity of going to college.

If these be the characteristic traits of women, what shall we do with the figures given above?

If the incentives to attend college acted alike upon men and women, we should regard the statistics given above as *prima facie* evidence that women have either little desire or little ability to become highly educated, but it becomes so *a fortiori* when we remember that these mixed Western colleges are the only ones which women can attend, whereas men have access to all the colleges in the world. Reverse the case, and what would be the result? Allow women free access to all colleges, but restrain men to a half-dozen small colleges here in the West. I think in that case there would be little question in regard to the predominant sex at Antioch.

These considerations lead us to the easy explanations of what Woman's Rights people regard as a telling fact. It has been repeatedly stated that the women of Antioch were equal to the men intellectually. In the *Cornell Era* of March 23, Professor Russel says: "At Antioch College the women always took the lead in mathematics as well as in history." If the statement were true, which I deny, it would prove nothing, for the reasons which I have just given. But the statement, aside from this view of the case, is worthless for three reasons. First, No record of class-standings has been preserved at Antioch, and hence Mr. Russel has no data upon which to base an opinion; secondly, Mr. Russel did not teach mathematics; and, thirdly, my own observation, extending through a period of four years, warrants me in the opposite belief. It is certainly a great pity that men of intelligence and experience should make statements at once so gratuitous and unscientific.

But if it can be proved, as it cannot, that the women of Antioch recite as well as the men, it remains to be shown that they are equally able to apply the principles learned in the recitation room. I have looked in vain

among the statistics of the alumnae of Antioch, but can find nothing to confirm Mr. Russell's statement. I find no women who in after-life have justified his very liberal opinion of their mathematical superiority. On the contrary, I find that most of our female alumnae have accepted the positions of wife and mother, and in so doing have shown their good sense. They have shown by their own free choice that domestic life—aye, even the much-abused *sphere*—presents attractions superior to every other calling in life.

To show that woman is able, equally with man, to undergo the mental strain incident upon a course at college, some statistics were given in the last number of the *Nation* relative to Oberlin College, by which it appears that the mortality among the male graduates of that college is greater than among the females.

Out of 79 male graduates of Antioch 9 have died, 3 of whom were either killed in battle or died of sickness induced by exposure while soldiers. Omitting these, we have 6 out of 79, or a little less than 1 to 13. Of the female graduates, 2 out of 37 have died, or 1 to 18.

If it were at all worth while, the significance of these figures could be changed by the statement of two facts. First, the mental strain inseparable from a college drill at Antioch is not of itself sufficient to impair the constitution of any person, male or female; and, secondly, a large number (nearly all, in fact) of the young men who graduate here have done it without means. They have paid their college expenses by sawing wood, building fires, sweeping the halls, etc. Where a young man relies upon his manual labor for support while attending college, it is easy to see that a much larger draft is made upon his vital resources. A man who works four or five hours a day each day at manual labor can only sustain his class standing at a great sacrifice of strength, and, in many instances, of health. Such men rarely graduate with constitutions unimpaired, and it would be strange indeed if mortality were not greater among them than among women whose only duties have been to prepare recitations. I admit that some women are going to school here under the same unfavorable conditions, but few of this class have ever graduated and few succeed in remaining in school for more than one or two years. I merely adduce these plain facts to show how gratuitous many of the statements are which are daily made by persons of superficial observation as to woman's ability to cope with man under all circumstances. I do not say that she *cannot* do it; I only say that in Antioch, and I presume the case is the same in other Western colleges, she has not, up to this time, actually done so.

That the system of coeducation is a good one, and will, sooner or later, become widely adopted, I firmly believe. Its tendency is toward moral development in both sexes. For the past ten or twelve years, not a single difficulty has arisen here out of the sexual relation. All this proves that coeducation may be safe when practised within proper bounds; that men and women may be morally as well as intellectually improved by it; but I don't think that it proves anything more.

We have not, as yet, data sufficient upon which to base a law relative to the comparative mental capacities of men and women.

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.

S.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a constant reader and great admirer of the *Nation*, but from some of its religious sentiments am sometimes compelled to dissent. In the issue, June 16, is an article, under the caption of "The Church as a Reformatory Agent," called forth by a discussion raised in Mr. Beecher's church as to whether Charles Dickens was a Christian. In the discussion of the subject you make some very just and pertinent remarks, but some also which were at least uncalled for. As to the power of the early Christians, it is only partly true that they conquered the world by the spectacle of a "godly, sober, and religious life." If we credit the history of the church, we must admit that very marked displays of divine—miraculous—power continued for several generations after the times of the apostles. But with that statement I did not wish particularly to find fault. The vices of our times are greatly different from the earlier ages of the church, you say, and "great numbers of the knaves of our time . . . are in the church, and active in it, and call themselves 'Christians,' as a help in their business; and their presence, great and small, has robbed the church, we do not hesitate to say, of a large portion of its power as a reformatory agency." All of which is true. But you make this last statement for the purpose of showing church members that it is useless for them to talk of and insist

upon reformation in the case of individuals or of society, until the church is rid of all its tainted members. Now, that is simply the old, threadbare objection that has been raised by every individual to whom Christ in his Gospel has appealed since he published it. But how futile it is. Suppose every body of reformers were compelled to rid itself of its unworthy members before it should be allowed to preach its doctrines, what would become of reform? Did not Christ and his apostles go about their work of reformation while yet there was at least one of their number who was a deceiver? Far be it from me to palliate the presence of bad men in the church. But it is wholly impossible, in the present state of society, that such shall not be the case. The tares and wheat will be found together, and human power cannot wholly separate them. You pay, perhaps, a just compliment to the Quakers, and say that, "if other denominations wish their denunciations of fraud and corruption to have weight, and their reproaches of such men as Dickens for not being Christians to be anything but impertinences, they will have to weed themselves in some way of their tainted members, and prevent themselves being used to push trade."

Now, I suppose the editor of the *Nation* will admit that the principles of Christianity, and its claims upon each individual, remain the same, whatever be the character of its professors. If its claims are not the claims of man, but those of God—if every man is responsible to his Maker, why may Mr. Dickens, or any other man, be excusable for refusing to be a Christian or a church member until the church is weeded of its "tainted members"? I confess I am unable to see why a man, or class of men, should be branded as impertinent for raising the question as to whether the character of a certain other man measured up to a prescribed level—a level not of human prescription, however.

Will you, sir, be kind enough to throw a little more light upon this subject? and oblige,
B. H. B.

[We neither said nor suggested that "the church should rid itself of its impure members before it preached its doctrines." What we did suggest was that it was very unsafe and unbecoming to assail anybody who, like Mr. Dickens, did Christian work outside the church, for not formally belonging to the organization, or to doubt his being a Christian because he did not belong to it, as long as so many members of the church are great rascals. If, for any reason, the church is obliged to submit in silence to the presence, in its pews and at its sacraments, of notorious knaves—and we affirm that it does so submit—who use their connection with it as a cover and help in their villany, then, we say, it owes, at least, some silence and forbearance to the upright, pure, and self-denying men who profess and practise Christianity outside of it. We say, moreover, that it is a fair deduction from Christ's teachings that, were he on earth, he would have taken Charles Dickens to his heart in a loving embrace, while he would take a whip of small cords to some of the "Christians" who have had the audacity to question Dickens's claim to be considered one of his followers. In short, our position is that, if the church means to make membership a test of men's Christianity, it must make it a mark of pure living also, which it does not.—ED. NATION.]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BREITMANN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether the gradual development of the original Hans Breitmann be in or out of keeping; whether the first sketch be improved or obscured by the subsequent touches, is a fair question for critical discussion. You take the latter view; allow me to submit some reasons for holding the former.

When Breitmann first appears to us, giving his "barty," he is a jolly, rowdyish Philadelphia German, probably proprietor of a *weinhandel* or a beer saloon. This is all we know of him, for the maudlin sentiment which concludes the ballad is put not into his mouth, but into that of his guest, the narrator. About a year passes and Breitmann turns up again, rather more beery and rowdyish than before, but giving evidence of some education and intellectual capacity. The "demperance men" have woke him up a little; he retaliates on their sermons by preaching a sermon himself against the Sunday laws. He can "quote what Luther said," and bring tears into the eyes of his sympathizing audience by his allusions to Fatherland. Then he goes back to his casks and his counter, and we hear no more of him till the war, which wrought so many

wonderful changes, stirs up his soul also. He remembers that he, too, once fought for freedom in his native Baden, that he was "out" in '49 with Hecker and Sigel. Having got rid of some superfluous flesh among the Turners, he raises a volunteer cavalry troop, goes off to the war, fights heroically, and plunders indiscriminately. To his nature, thus aroused, comes simultaneously the recollection, across the fumes of fifteen years' beer and tobacco, that he was once a *bursch* and studied Latin and metaphysics. He furbishes up his long-disused learning as he had furbished up his long-disused sword. It comes back to him—somewhat shaky and imperfect. Thus the Latin of the "Philosopede" is bad even for macaronic Latin, *inter* governing an ablative, etc.

Of the two processes through which Breitmann has been put by circumstances, the first seems to me very natural, and the second not unnatural. At the supposed time of Breitmann's arrival in America, somewhere about 1850, the state of our society was such (and is it entirely changed at present?) that a man having a taste for some recondite specialty, and also strong animal instincts, found almost nothing to encourage his pursuit of the one and a great deal to encourage his indulgence of the other *penchant*. Thus the decadence of the *bursch* into a lager-beer-saloon keeper is a very likely occurrence. His subsequent partial restoration is less probable, but not very improbable, certainly not impossible. The rehabilitation is but partial. Breitmann may become a metaphysician and a sort of scholar again; he may even take the fashionable European tour on the profits of his *weinhandel* and his official and military spoils, but he will always have a bit of the rowdy sticking to him. Still, I am astonished at your taxing him with coarseness. Had you said *profanity*, I could have understood your censure and sympathized with it. Breitmann is sometimes wantonly and gratuitously profane. This regrettable fact may, perhaps, partly at least, be accounted for by his having made during the war the acquaintance of a certain journalist who is well known to swear more terribly than our army ever did in Flanders, South Carolina, or elsewhere. It ought, also, in justice to be remarked that the Puritan mind is prone to a species of irreverence (such as constantly crops up in the "Biglow Papers") which to some cultivated persons is more offensive than downright hard swearing, because the former looks premeditated, while the latter is extemporaneous. Still, after all possible palliation, the naked fact remains that profanity is, under all circumstances, highly reprehensible. But, however reprehensible, it is not exactly a synonym for coarseness. *Coarseness* means to me one of two things, *vulgarity* or *indecenty*. The latter cannot surely be predicated of Mr. Leland, and of the former he has less than the great majority of our popular writers, "whether or not" they have been sermonizers or humorists." A page of Billings or Nasby, an editorial of the *Tribune*, an essay of Dr. Holland's, a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher's, contains more vulgarity than all the series of "Breitmann" put together.

Allow me to remark, in conclusion, that all his hostile critics have utterly failed to perceive or appreciate the many-sidedness of Mr. Leland. They have regarded the "Breitmann Ballads" as merely "funny" or "comic" verses. They have closed their ears to the spirit and swing and dash of those battle-pieces which challenge comparison with the most stirring lines of Browning ("Breitmann in Battle," "Breitmann in Maryland," etc.), and thoroughly confute Mr. Justin MacCarthy's *obiter dictum* that no American war poetry breathes the *certaminis gaudium*. They are equally deaf to the pathetic element introduced into "Breitmann in Church." Do me the favor to read again as an illustration of the first point Breitmann's outburst against discipline, verses 3, 4, and 5; as an illustration of the second, all the penultimate stanzas describing the death and burial of Von Stossenheim. In my opinion, they contain the nearest approach to real poetry that can be found in any of the "numerous verse" as yet evoked by our war.

CARL BENSON.

LENOX, MASS., July 2, 1870.

[The charge of coarseness brought against Mr. Leland's last book, and also against other of his writings, was based on a passage in the poem which tells how German may be learned, and on passages that Mr. Leland chose to translate from Heine. We need not be more specific. In this last book, it is, as we have said, a not very serious degree of coarseness, but coarseness it undoubtedly is. As to the question of the "development" of Breitmann, the processes which he has undergone since his first appearance mean, to our apprehension, that Mr. Leland cared more to be funny than to stick to his original figure.

It is probable that under his second method we get more jokes about more sides of the German character than we otherwise should have got, but we pay for this by losing, as we maintain, the true "development" of Breitmann. It is our opinion—our guess, if Carl Benson prefers to call it so—that Mr. Leland was unwilling to take the trouble of artistically developing his creation in accordance with its original form, and that he has for some time merely been saying as many witty things as came into his head about any German fashion of thought that afforded opportunity for jesting. To be sure, a little of Breitmann now and again "crops out," as the geologists say. As for our author's many-sidedness and the high excellence of his verse we are of another opinion than our correspondent, or, rather, we know nothing about his many-sidedness, and we hold the opinion that his verse is spirited verse, decidedly clever, but not to be called remarkable. And all the Von Stossenheim business, with its deliberate pathos in the midst of its jocosity, seemed to us in false taste. The sentimentalism and prettiness of it were not too good anyhow, but where they were placed they were bad. As for Mr. Justin McCarthy's *dicta* on American war poetry, it had not occurred to us to consider them. We are rather inclined, now that we think of the matter, to agree with him, and to say, so far as we recollect our war poetry, that while it had some other merits, it had not for a merit the expression of the *certaminis gaudium*. In Mr. Leland's poetry rollicking, high spirits in campaigning and fighting makes itself manifest; but the *certaminis gaudium* is another matter.—ED. NATION.]

CAPTAIN PARKER AND COLONEL HIGGINSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The following is an extract from an editorial from the South Carolina *Daily Republican*:

"The allegations contained in the letter published in the *Nation* are beneath notice. We know Mr. Parker, and have known him for quite a long period, and we can believe the testimony of Col. Higginson as to his former life.

"We should not deem this small business worthy of notice, had not Northern friends written to us about it."

If I recollect aright, Col. Higginson made this statement in a letter published in your paper.

"Of his (Capt. Parker's) antecedents or occupation before enlistment, I remember nothing, if I ever knew anything." Thus, it appears from the Colonel's own statement that he knew nothing whatever of Capt. Parker's former life.

"I should not deem this small business worthy of notice" had not Northern and Southern friends volunteered to furnish me letters and affidavits which will prove more than all I have said concerning our State Treasurer.

I would respectfully suggest that his political friends had better not deny, or throw any doubt upon, any of the statements made in my letter in the *Nation* of June 9. If they do, the proof will be forthcoming.

Yours truly,

J. W. COLLINS.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 30, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS announce that their biography of Dickens, which is in the hands of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, will contain, besides a full history of Mr. Dickens's life, his uncollected pieces in prose and verse, anecdotes, the biographer's personal recollections of the novelist, and many letters written by Mr. Dickens to various persons. The volume, which is to be a large two-dollar duodecimo, will also contain an engraving after a photograph taken a few days before the death of the original. Dr. Mackenzie has long been far gone in what Mr. Disraeli calls his anecdotage, and his books are full of all kinds of gossip, but they always discredit the dictum of the ex-premier—as indeed do most books of personal anecdote—for they are always pleasant light reading. No doubt the opportuneness of the forthcoming volume will be the most conspicuous thing about it, but it is safe to say that, inadequate as it must necessarily be, it will have numerous really good qualities and will be worth attention. So, we may say here, will doubtless be Mr. James T. Fields's reminiscences in the next *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Fields having had exceptionally good opportunities of seeing most sides of Mr.

Dickens's character and of knowing him at his best. But, beyond a doubt, we shall have numberless essays and many volumes; and not more than the vast public which admired the novelist will very eagerly read.

—Is it ungracious, by the bye, to call the attention of some of Mr. Dickens's American friends to a mistake that they make in selecting for praise one particular of his conduct when he was last in this country? They gently censure him for having written the "American Notes," and for his humorous portraits of typical Americans in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and then they praise him for the frank retraction which he made at the farewell dinner that was given him in New York, and for his statement that he felt bound to tell all the world that he had been allowed to go about the country everywhere without being intruded upon by anybody. Rather a singular way that appears of complimenting a people—averring that actually they have acquired the decency of not putting their noses into the hotel-rooms of celebrated persons who wish to be treated with ordinary civility and good manners. Both the censure and the praise which our critical fraternity have bestowed upon Mr. Dickens for his American caricatures and his parting compliments are a little absurd. Mr. Dickens was a caricaturist, and caricatured, very funnily too, certain veritable phases of American society just as all his life he caricatured Englishmen and English things, and our anger at his account of Mr. Pogram and the rest most of us now admit to have been what Mr. Charles Reade's Jacky calls "a good deal dam ridiculous." The farewell speech was, beyond a doubt, well meant, but to look on it as condonation of the original crime, error, or whatever it was, seems to be to blunder, and moreover to forget the circumstances under which late after-dinner speeches are very frequently made.

—The managers of the Boston Public Library announce that they are gathering materials—pamphlets, broadsides, prints, newspapers, and so forth—for the purpose of making volumes commemorative of Dickens, and they ask the assistance of all their friends, as they desire to make as full as possible the evidence of the loss sustained by his death. Also, as formerly, the managers desire to make volumes commemorative of the recent "Memorial Day," by which term is doubtless meant the day otherwise known as "Decoration Day"—a designation not so good, perhaps, as that here suggested, but one that it will be found difficult to displace.

—We have just been advised by Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy, of Philadelphia, publishers of "subscription" books, that it would gratify them if we were to make some more remarks intended to injure the subscription-book business. They exhort us to "go in, gentlemen," and say that, if we are well paid for attacking the subscription publishers, why, "it is all right." The supposition is that we are corrupted and bribed by the regular trade—a hint which those gentlemen will perhaps take to heart. Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy also direct us to insert, as an advertisement of Dr. Daniel March's volume, "Our Father's House," the description of that work which we quoted the other day as an illustration of the way in which the subscription publisher fosters literary taste and discernment in the rural districts. Our readers can turn, then, to our advertising columns and refresh themselves with Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy's account of "Our Father's House." Next the firm informs us that a copy of the work in question is on its way to us, and, finally, administers a finishing stroke by urging us to read the book "either before or after you review it." Not after, we think. We do not mind saying, however—whether in consequence of getting the advertisement we leave Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy to guess—that some of Dr. March's writings we have read, and that we know him for a man of ability. Neither his "Night Scenes of the Bible," nor his earlier work on the places specially connected in memory with the life of Jesus, would lead any one to expect from him the book which Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy's advertisement would seem to promise. It is true that a man may, when once he has got into it, easily degenerate into a writer of the sort of letterpress that would match the "rose-tinted paper, ornate engravings, and superb binding" of the advertisement. But it is more charitable, as well as more reasonable, to consider what manner of man the subscription-book publisher is, than to believe without evidence that a good scholar and preacher has turned imbecile.

—We have called attention on several occasions to the peculiar character of the premiums offered subscribers by editors and publishers; but, perhaps, with the exception of the Catholic journal which agreed to celebrate the mass so many times for so many new subscriptions, we have not found a more curious "inducement" than is held out by the *National Normal*. This is an educational journal published in Cincinnati, of which we know little, except that "reviewers have pronounced it lively, spicy, wide-awake, slashing, etc." Whether, we may remark, it merits all these

laudatory terms we do not know. Nor, indeed, could we say how laudatory such terms are when applied to a magazine whose object is to instruct and assist school-teachers. We have not read more than one article in the *National Normal*, and that was a very remarkable article about Harvard University, to which seat of learning the editor had just been paying a visit, and of which he made an original estimate. That is to say, to persons who had an intimate acquaintance with the matters of which the editor talked, his statement seemed a series of absurdities. But the magazine may be a good magazine for all that, though its name and its praises are not in its favor. What we were to speak of is one of its premiums for subscriptions. Whoever sends the publisher a new name and the proper accompaniment of a dollar and a half is to get a photographic group of the editors of the *National Normal* and of the officers and teachers of the Southwestern Normal School—"12 photos," the whole group being of "the full size of a page of the *National Normal*." This would seem not a very "deludhering" lure. To be sure, however, some of the editors and teachers are of the suppressed sex.

—In speaking last week of the admission of women to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, we did injustice, it would seem, to two of the ladies whom we mentioned as having been admitted to membership. Mrs. L. W. Say and Miss M. H. Morris were, we are now informed, admitted indeed, and not only that, but were admitted in virtue of their long devotion to science and at a time when admission was an honorable scientific distinction. But as for the other ladies mentioned by us, they—if we understand our new informant, who is herself one of them—were admitted at a time when the society, being in want of money, conferred membership on anybody, man or woman, who gave to its treasury a certain sum.

—The *Journal of Psychological Medicine* is always interesting—though it cannot be said to have all the interest which belongs to the peculiarly attractive field in which it works—and the July number is as good as any which have preceded it. The opening paper will perhaps be pleasing to many readers, for it deals with the case of what De Quincey would call that hugely overrated murderer, Daniel McFarland. The conclusion to which Dr. Hammond comes in regard to this agreeable personage is "that he is at present in such a physical and mental condition as to render him liable, upon comparatively slight cause, to another explosion of mania"—a statement which suggests the enquiry if it is not somebody's official duty, or cannot be made somebody's official duty, to catch him and put him where he ought to be. "Contributions to Biology" is by Dr. H. B. Baker, who treats of the order of creation of living beings, the simplest form of existence, organic motion, and kindred topics. He suggests something that is new, we believe, in reference to the effects of certain poisons. As, for instance, he maintains the theory that the acids of arsenic prove the cause of death by combining with and refusing to release the iron of the blood. Hydrated peroxide of iron is therefore the best medicine in cases of poisoning by arsenic; and therefore, too, it is that the habitual use of small doses of arsenic gives paleness to the complexion of the user, the red color disappearing with the disappearance of the iron which causes it. "Right and Left Handedness" is an interesting essay by Dr. Thomas Dwight, who lays down, as probably true, the following propositions: "1. There is an inborn impulse to use, to excite motion, one half of the brain, the left, in preference to the other. 2. One-half of the brain, the left, has a more acute perception of tactile impressions, while the other, the right, distinguishes more readily different degrees of temperature and weight. 3. This arrangement is occasionally inverted." Occasionally "inverted," it will be observed the doctor says; that there is ever such an arrangement as to produce a person having the two halves of the brain one in function, he seems to deny. He is inclined to believe that there are no ambidexters, and that all persons who have been called such have very probably been persons who were born with a tendency to left-handedness, and who acquired the faculty of using the right hand also. He would, moreover, maintain that ambidexters, so-called, are not equally skilful with the two hands after all. That is what he would have to maintain, ambidexters being so called because of the popular belief that they can do the same thing as well with one hand as with the other, and not because of any belief as to the innate or acquired character of the qualification. That we shall ever know the nature and origin of this impulse to use one side in preference to the other, Dr. Dwight thinks impossible; but a step is made, he remarks, when it is admitted that it is an impulse born with us, a part of our organization, and is neither due to the arrangement of the arterial system nor is the effect of habit. Another article that the general reader will like is that written by Dr. J. Schwabe, and

entitled "From the Lumber-room of Modern Superstition." It is very harsh with our brethren the spiritualists; and it taunts the somnambulists also. Why does not some one of them go to Paris, it wishes to know, and take the premium of ten thousand francs which, more than forty years ago, the Academy of Sciences offered to any somnambulist who will read, in the presence of a committee, a sealed letter which will be placed upon his breast? Dr. Schwabe supposes that the reason why the somnambulists do not take steps to acquire this sum of money is that they know well that certain preparations are necessary before one reads sealed letters "with the stomach," as he coarsely says, in order still further to belittle the clairvoyants. "Above all," he adds, with German lightness, "they must know beforehand the contents of such letter." People who have faith in the moon's influence on the weather, and her mysterious effect upon tape-worms, the planting of vegetables, the chopping of wood, and the like, also come in for raps from the doctor, who is austere scientific enough to gratify Mr. "William St. John," who writes from Hodmir, Hungary, to the *Sunday World*, letters of a character to make Superstition hang her wretched head. Readable, too, is the notice of the life of Faraday, by Professor S. H. Dickson, who makes the best review of the book, or rather of its subject, that we have anywhere noticed. The three other long articles are less readable, but perhaps better worth reading, than any of those mentioned. They are these: "Some Points in regard to the Development of a Nervous System and Vision," by Dr. T. Edwards Clark; "Galvanization of the Sympathetic Nerve," by Drs. A. D. Rockwell and G. M. Beard; and "A Case of Cancer of the Brain," by Dr. S. G. Weber. Among the book-notices there is one good one of a German work, which perhaps will be worth the attention of some of our advanced thinkers. "The Relations of the Morbid Conditions and Processes in the Female Sexual Organs to Mental Disease" is the translated title of the work. The introduction dwells upon the influence which the sexual "sphere" exerts on the development and general character of the organism.

—We are requested to say that the next meeting of the American Philological Association will be held at Rochester in this State. The first meeting will be at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th instant, and the place of meeting will be the First Presbyterian Church. Professor W. D. Whitney will address the Association on the evening of the first day of the session. Rochester is "proverbial for its hospitality," like every other city and town on this continent, and the members of the Association will no doubt make a pleasant visit. For this and every other reason, there should be a full attendance.

—Our readers have not, we believe, had any full account of the undertaking which is now in progress in England to revise thoroughly the authorized version of the Bible, and we take from an English paper an account given by a writer who seems to be heartily in favor of the scheme. To begin with, it is necessary to understand that the English Government has nothing to do with it, which is probably just as well for its popular success, as there are large numbers of British Nonconformists who would hold off from any movement that suggested the interference of the state with religious affairs. And, of course, it is highly desirable that the dissenters should be drawn over to use the new Bible, for, probably, it is they who use the Scriptures most—at least so far as reading the Bible goes. The admirable arrangement of the Prayer-book gives, in the matter of acquiring acquaintance with Scripture, an immense advantage to an English Anglican over any but a sedulous private reader. To return: the state has nothing to do with this attempt at revision, which was set on foot by the Convocation of the Southern Provinces of the English Church, and which will be largely in the hands of Anglican clergymen. It will not, however, be by any means exclusively in their hands; the company who have now for a week or so been at work on the New Testament—a body separate from that engaged upon the Old—contains, indeed, an archbishop, three bishops, three deans, two archdeacons, two canons, and some plain parsons; but it also contains representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, and other dissenting sects, Scotch as well as English. Dr. Newman was desired to assist; but, of course, it was impossible that he should do so. Dr. Pusey frowns on the scheme—not many things, it would appear, pleasing that gentleman nowadays. The chief promoter of the movement has been Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, a man of great energy and very well known as an admirable Biblical scholar, who has long believed and taught that there is urgent need of a revision of the King James Version. The arguments opposed to his have been, first, that to meddle with the words as

they stand would tend to unsettle the faith. The Bishop replies that faith in the very historical foundations of Scripture has of late been seriously shaken. It was urged, too, that present change would beget a future demand for more extensive alterations. Dr. Ellicott answers this objection by pointing to the confessed deficiencies of the present translation, and to the existing means for assuredly improving it, and then reminds the objectors that it is discreditable and wrong to neglect the duty of to-day for fear that the morrow will not be able to care for the things of itself. It is our bounden duty, he holds, that the people should have God's truth put before them in as manifest a form as possible. No one says that, fine as our present Bible is, it does not often mislead. Holding these views, and pushing them with great energy, Dr. Ellicott has succeeded in getting the Convocation of Canterbury to authorize a committee which, as we have said, is in alliance with the learned of the dissenting churches and has begun work. It is computed that even if the committee were to be as radical as the Bishop would have it be, the changes would not affect more than about five per cent. of the words as they stand. But how many dogmas of the churches would be affected by the changes that would be made by an assembly of perfectly unbiassed scholars, of eminence equal to that of the committee—that there is no one to tell us, and the world at large will not expect too much from this assembly's labors. The *Saturday Review*, by the bye, to whom we are indebted for our facts in regard to this matter, remarks in its customary pleasant way that the proposal of Mr. Buxton that the President of the United States should unite with Queen Victoria in appointing the board of revisers was of course an absurd proposal. At which little sneer, Boston, with its new lexicon of Byzantine and Patristic Greek, which will smite awe into the hearts of Tregelles and Tischendorf and Lachman, can afford to smile superior.

—A curious and instructive comparison for those who are interested in our own Civil Service Reform is found in the progress of ten years in English agitation of the subject. In the first part of the fourth volume of the Transactions of the National (British) Association for the Promotion of Social Science, for 1860, will be found, at pp. 302–326, a few suggestive articles by Horace Mann, James Heywood, and W. G. Blackie, on the then existing condition of Civil Service Examinations. In 1853, a report by Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan described the Civil Service as being recruited in great measure from the unambitious, the indolent, and the incapable, and those who, from indolence or physical infirmity, were unable to succeed in other professions. This was the result of the old system of appointments by the Government. In consequence of the impression produced by this report, the Government promised, in 1854, to introduce a plan for improving the system of admission; but it was not until 1855 that an Order in Council was issued, constituting the present Civil Service Commission—a Board independent of political influence, charged with the duty of testing, according to standards and rules prescribed by the various departments themselves, the physical, mental, and moral qualifications of the Government nominees. The system of patronage was still maintained, and in the same hands as before; the only difference being that the persons nominated were to be examined as to their fitness. In 1859, after a great deal of discussion, both in Parliament and out of it, a select committee of the House of Commons, of which Lord Stanley was chairman, made a report endorsing open competition as best for the public service, but not recommending its speedy adoption in all the departments. India was the *corpus vile* on which this experiment was to be tried before it could be safely attempted at home. It has borne the test, however, so well, that now, in this year, on the 4th of June, 1870, after discussions, as the *London Times* says, that have extended over some fifteen years, the principle of unlimited competition has triumphed in the distribution of Government appointments. By an Order in Council, the entire Civil Service of the United Kingdom, in all its grades, high and low, has been taken from the hands of official patrons, and made the prize of ability, industry, and good education. The change from that concomitant of Parliamentary government ever since Parliamentary government has been fully established, the nomination system, has been made slowly and by degrees; but it seems now to be completed by this bold reform, characteristic alike of the careful and almost tedious delay in preparation, and the rapidity in consummation, of all the schemes adopted and matured by Mr. Gladstone. Naturally enough, the change has attracted no small degree of attention, and the *Spectator* welcomes it as interesting in political organization, and introducing into it the men and the classes who have hitherto scarcely attempted to study it, and have never seriously attempted to mould it. Still another authoritative newspaper sees in this new reform a reflex action due in part to the discussion and agitation of the same subject in

this country, and Mr. Jenckes's Bill, in spite of Congressional inaction on the subject, has done good if it be so; while the unconscious influence of all that has been written and said shows that the friends of reform builded better than they knew.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

PERHAPS to criticise fully and truly these poems it is necessary that the critic should have a fuller knowledge than we have of Mr. Rossetti's paintings. If to say this is to hint that we consider the poems, in and of themselves, unsatisfactory—an inadequate expression of their author's thought and feeling—we shall still say it. And further, we may say that we would desire a closer acquaintance with the author's paintings, because we should be glad to think of him himself more respectfully than we find ourselves now able to think of him; and there is a probability that in his work with the brush, which may be reasonably supposed his more natural instrument of expression, we should find not only a better presentation of his thought, a more effective address to the mind and feeling of the reader, but also less of what seems to us affectation—essential falseness and weakness.

A more adequate expression of the author's thought and feeling we have been asking for; but it may be that he has no great amount of thought to express, and that, as we say, he needs colors wherewith to express the feelings and sentiments which his subjective intellect and sensuous nature perceive clearly, and even with painful intensity, but which, by reason of this subjectivity of intellect, he cannot set before himself, still less before anybody else, in words that do much more than hint at them. As for his power of thought, we certainly do not find that he has it in excess of that of nineteenth-century minor poets. There is no poem in the volume which makes any abiding impression upon the mind except by reason of its pictorial power, which often is very great indeed, and by reason of an occasional intensity of sensual religious feeling, which, however, often goes near to be disgusting, as producing here and to-day the impression of falseness or weakness in the man who pretends to feel it or the man who really feels it. We say plainly that we do not find ourselves able to believe in a really honest nineteenth-century Fra Angelico, for example, with a sound English education, unless he is, *ex hypothesi*, a person of some considerable weakness of mind, or a person conceitedly perverse to the point of easy self-deception—which is saying again, in a more particular manner, that he is a weak person, to whom one gives little attention or respect.

Is this, for instance, genuine religious feeling, or is it religious feeling "after the early Italian manner?" The poet speaks of the Virgin Mary, who, after long and heart-sick waiting, as a widow might wait, is now at last joined to Jesus in heaven.

"But oh! what human tongue can speak
That day when death was sent to break
From the tired spirit, like a veil,
Its covenant with Gabriel,
Endured at length unto the end?
What human thought can apprehend
That mystery of motherhood
When thy Beloved at length renew'd
The sweet communion severed—
His left hand underneath thy head,
And his right hand embracing thee:
Lo! He was thine, and this is He."

The sensuousness of the conception is also to be noted, but the book is throughout sensuous, though it is never that Mr. Rossetti drops into any such thick air as his friend Swinburne finds native to his lungs. He is usually in Mr. Morris's plane. It is true of all of them, however, that they seem to be unduly troubled by woman and keep up constantly a more or less dismal and wailful or dismal and wooing noise about her. A sort of clean indecency, as in the sonnet on "Nuptial Sleep"—a sort of deliberate hovering between nudity and nakedness, if we could make our meaning clear—is as low as Mr. Rossetti ever gets. But it has all come to be tiresome enough, and the only excuse that a man could make for writing things like "Jenny," for instance, is that he wrote them years ago, when the fashion first came in; when nobody but Browning had done morbid psychology and nobody had been prurient, purely or impurely, in the fashion with which we have since been made so familiar. "Jenny" suggests Browning, but more directly suggestive of that poet is "A Last Confession," which, perhaps, most readers will like better than any other poem in the volume. It is powerful—a dramatic story of passion very effectively told. Or shall we say that it would be all this if Browning had not done the same sort of thing so long, and so much better? Yet there are some fine and original things in it, as the description of the woman, and the growth of the quarrel.

The sensuousness of Mr. Rossetti's writing is most agreeably visible in "The Blessed Damsel," which is aglow with what has been pronounced mystical, imaginative love, but which, as it seems to us, expresses in a sufficiently carnal manner the author's belief that earthly passion and affection, in no wise elevated or clarified, so far as we observe, is to last on into eternity and be of the bliss of heaven:

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm."

She is looking for the coming of her lover, from whom she was parted ten years ago by death. When he comes—

"We two, she said, will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love."

So, it may be held, a despairing and longing lover might conceive of his mistress, lost to him in heaven—as being even there unhappy or discontent because he also is not there. And, doubtless there may be truth to nature, and beautiful and poetical truth to nature, in this conception. Still the lover would be of a certain temperament who should so imagine, and the details of whose conception were such. It was not, however, to insist on this that we cited these passages, but to remark on an allied quality which is the most marked quality of the book, and that is the definite, pictorial imagery which is so definite and clear that it must have at its root a desire to body forth in tangible, palpable form, if that were possible, the pictures that present themselves to the author's mind and the feelings that agitate him. His sister, Miss Christina Rossetti—a better poet to our mind—thinks in pictures which she must write down; her brother habitually composes pictures which he might better paint. He has some thinking to do outside of this picture-making, and there he is at another disadvantage as compared with his sister; she interferes less with her reader's enjoyment of her pictorial power. Not one of his own Pre-Raphaelite paintings could be more plainly visible than the Blessed Damsel as she leans out from the gold bar—

"Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meekly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn."

There is, of course, in this "Blessed Damsel"—which, let us say here, exercises the prerogative of the imagination, creating for us its own place and time, and exerting its own compelling charm—there is, of course, in this fine poem the quaintness of the Pre-Raphaelite painter, and its author's limitations are pretty sharply indicated. But to see them more strongly marked, a poem like "The Woodspurge" will better serve:

"The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill;
I had walked on at the wind's will;
I sat now, for the wind was still.

"Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips drawn in said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

"My eyes wide open had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

"From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three."

In this pretty and true little piece—which, by the way, has about as much to say as any of its companions—the Pre-Raphaelite is very plain to be seen—even to the length of his hair, if we may be permitted to be irreverent, where we have not the least reverence at all. Our author's intensity; his pictorial power; the strain of dejected sadness that pervades all his writings until he is even depressing; his utter abandonment to his

* "Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

feelings; his affected diction; his way of making his subjective sorrows and joys flood the whole universe, so that to this day the little weed no doubt means bitter grief to him—everything that he is and has except his religiousness, if that is the name of it, and except the direct presence of the sexual side of his sensuousness, is to be seen in "The Woodspurge." Perhaps his want of humor, too, might be guessed from it. Or, if his serious poems are not proof that nobody with a strongly-developed sense of the ridiculous could have written them, the reader may look at "A Match with the Moon," where there is something intended for fun. Or he may turn to the absurd little foot-note where Mr. Rossetti is at pains to inform us that it was not Mr. Tennyson who taught him to rhyme firsts and fourths and seconds and thirds, but that he used the metre of "In Memoriam" weeks before that poem appeared.

It is now some years since we made the acquaintance of "The Blessed Damozel," the first poem of our author's which became generally known to Mr. Rossetti's public, and although familiarity with it has diminished the respect which at first we had for it, it is still, to our mind, a very fine poem, giving proof of true poetical capacity in its author. But the volume before us has been a decided disappointment. Not only in no case does the author show himself capable of going out of the narrow range of sentiment with which "The Blessed Damozel" deals, but in no case has he been nearly so fortunate as he was when he gave us that magically bright figure, breathing its own breath and dwelling in that ineffable land. Afterwards he can give us sonnets that sound as if they had been translated out of the *Vita Nuova*; pictures that look as if they had been copied after some monkish painter with a lust of sanctity,—a hunger and thirst after palpable spiritual food; an occasional pretty fancy or a true thought, as in the last poem we have cited; a diction as highly colored and even more forced, if not so forcible, as that of "The Blessed Damozel;" as much warmth of passion as hers. But nowhere else are his faults so well subordinated as in that piece, where they even go to assist him in producing his effect, while at the same time his virtues are at their best, and, combining with his weaknesses, produce a unique and fine poem. One such is enough, to be sure. Such things are not the bread and wine whereby man lives, and that do not cloy.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.*

OF American writers of "juveniles," as the publishers call them, the number has come to be immense. Almost every religious denomination has its thousands of Sunday-schools, in each of which it is thought necessary that there should be a library, filled with books, which may be good, but which must at all costs be denominational, and which, therefore, can be written by almost anybody. And it is an established belief among parents generally, sectarian and unsectarian, that, so long as a child does not read books that are "immoral," he cannot read too much; and that a book's being in every way foolish does not make it so harmful that the child needs to be protected against it. What, then, must be the character of the reading that is prepared for the world of youthful readers is easily seen. It is a fact that, within the last ten or fifteen years, one of the most successful of our writers for children has turned out, not three volumes, or four, or five, or ten, but no less than forty-six. And he has not only issued his six volumes of the "Boat Club Series" and six of the "Starry Flag Series," and five or six each of half-a-dozen other sets of volumes, but he is the editor of a monthly magazine for boys and girls; and, moreover, he will, no doubt, be ready at Christmas to add four or five more volumes to those which he has already published. That there should be any nutriment in the daily and hourly skimmings of a mind that can consent to work in this manner is an impossibility, and it must be simply a misfortune to a child to be submitted to the influence of such a story-teller and moralist. It is in his publishers and bankers' books only that a justification can be found for his; it is out of reason that he should be successful otherwise than pecuniarily. Yet, except in the matter of fecundity, the author to whom we allude is a fair specimen of the common run of our writers for children, and his performances are on the ordinary level of "juveniles." He sells more volumes than the others, but he does not sell different ones—the very great majority of such things being the work of writers at once incompetent and given to money-getting, or incompetent merely. Most such authors, it would almost seem, are persons who think incompetency to write for adults a sufficient reason why they should write for children; and they prey on the young, and preach to them, just

as a certain sort of clerical gentleman, incapable of keeping together a congregation at home, goes out as a missionary to the illiterate heathen, and gets a living by "talking down" to people who do not understand him, to be sure, and do not get good from him, and who, for anything he cares, get from him good or get from him harm, but who like to listen to talk, and are willing to give him a living for talking. But there are missionaries, too, of another kind—men and women who put to shame most of us that stay at home; and so, it is needless to say, there are writers for children who command the admiring respect of the best writers for men, and of the best readers; but between them and the majority of writers for children the difference is infinite. Hans Andersen, for instance, there is nobody who patronizes; nor does any one, writer or reader, look down on the brothers Grimm, or the author of "Robinson Crusoe," or Mr. Lewis Carroll's narration of "Alice's Adventures," or the sketches made in fairyland by Mr. George Macdonald.

There is no country in the world, it is said, where children count for so much as in the United States, nor where so much is done for them; but, for some reason or other, we have not produced any thoroughly good writer for children. Possibly it may be true, as is charged against us by enemies, that it is only Young America that is born here, and that there are never any Americans who really are young. At all events, whether from want of an audience, or from whatever cause, it is easy to name all the American writers who at all skilfully address themselves to the childlike mind. Miss Louisa Alcott we take to be about as good as any, though one sort of the work that she does Mrs. Whitney perhaps does better. The young lady who is all but marriageable, but who has not yet quite finished her last year of boarding-school—the New England young lady, who has still some months of school-life to finish, but who begins to have opinions in regard to the niceness of various young gentlemen; who, though she may play croquet, has "views of life;" who goes to the Thursday afternoon concerts in Boston, and to the Horticultural Hall lectures on Sundays; who has a cultivated taste in music and an eclectic turn in religions—this mingled young girl and young lady, produced in the vicinity of Boston and not elsewhere, Mrs. Whitney draws with what seems to the unlearned eye perfection. Miss Alcott draws her too; but, on the whole, Miss Alcott's sympathies seem to be rather with earlier stages of life than with this of which we speak, and there is—at least to the adult reader—something of a fresher sense of boyhood and girlhood to be got from her writing than from that of her cleverer contemporary. Miss Alcott, however, no more than Mrs. Whitney, is free from an influence which it appears to be agreed shall be called Bostonian, and which is, doubtless, of disadvantage to any one who proposes to make literature in which there shall be at once matter to interest children and, so to speak, the living figures of children themselves. Self-consciousness in not the worst sense of that term—a constant consciousness of the goodness and beauty and admirableness of one's good and beautiful and admirable acts and thoughts and behavior—a sort of patronizing and Jack-Horner-like practice of all excellent virtues and graces—would seem to be extremely common in that corner which knows itself to be the new and improved *umbilicus mundi*.

Then, too, it may be said of this "Old-Fashioned Girl" of Miss Alcott's that it is done from the outside, and that what is depicted is only partly the thing that was to be depicted, and is partly Miss Alcott's not perfectly intelligent and sympathetic conception of it. It is not boys, we should say, it must be women, who have acquaintance with any boy so persistently touzly-headed as Miss Alcott's "Tom," and so extravagantly fond of pockets full of pea-nuts, and so sure to get into scrapes which prove nothing at all against the sinner's moral character, but merely bear witness to his superfluous animal spirits and energy. And, doubtless, our author's girls, also, are to some extent artificial, and persons of her drama rather than real persons—creatures of her will rather than beings with wills of their own. This is not always true, for every reader must recognize in Miss Alcott's stories many pictures that are strictly photographic—that are, indeed, strictly true to nature. But, speaking generally, her personages exist for their creator's purposes, not their own; they all are made that they may point a moral. The hero must preach a woman's notion of manliness—must be, violently, the nondescript known to women as The Boy; the heroine must be, out and out, the "old-fashioned girl"—that is to say, she must be unsophisticated to a degree which makes it too manifest that she was created in a world very familiarly acquainted with sophistication; the second heroine must be a "new-fashioned girl" of the most decided and fashionable type, and the doings and fortunes of these personages must be such as to teach us the value and beauty of simplicity and honesty, and the folly and badness and hollowness of pretension and

* "An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

display. Thus a wide door is opened to unnaturalness; and that a good deal of unnaturalness does not come in, few readers would say.

But—to stick to the quotation—if Miss Alcott's personages do rather too much and too regularly point a moral, they also in their way do adorn a tale; and the readers of her books are exceedingly few, discriminating and indiscriminating, who have not got from them pleasure. They are unfailingly good-hearted and kind-hearted; they have a great deal of fun in them, and a great deal of good sense; no one will learn from them to admire any moral qualities but those that are to be admired; they are, as stories, well enough constructed, and whether or not the author's "call to preach" she does well to answer, and whether or not her art of portraiture is defective, it is certain that she assists the reader to reproduce his youth, and to sympathize with the young and innocent and happy. Those who demand of each worker in literature an artistic success will be of another opinion, but to have produced, whether artistically and legitimately or otherwise, the effect with which we have credited Miss Alcott, seems to us not a small service to have rendered. Perhaps we might say more than this, and credit our author with having written books well adapted to the wishes of her ostensible audience, and likewise to its needs. Certainly her stories have been read by an immense number of girls and boys. But girls and boys read anything and everything, and are easily pleased; and, on the whole, one would set down Miss Alcott as being of that class of writers for children who write not so much for children as about them, and would not predict for her the true success of writers of "juveniles," as of other works—the pleasing of more generations than one.

The First Book of Botany. Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. (By Eliza A. Youmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—After half a century of unsuccessful clamor for a place in a general education, natural history has suddenly had the school-doors thrown wide open for its entrance, and is not only made welcome, but is hailed as the bearer of panaceas for all the chronic ills of our school system. From this unreasoning trust it has more to fear than from the unreasoning suspicion which preceded. Those who know its real value as an educational agent, who are devoted to the difficult task of securing its proper influence in the training of youth, must feel great apprehensions lest the next generation lose confidence in the value of a scientific element in our education. After a spasmodic effort to cram a certain amount of scientific information from encyclopedic text-books into the heads of primary and grammar-school students—after perceiving that no brilliant intellectual result follows this well-conducted experiment, it is to be feared that the old-fashioned pedagogy may be again master of the field. If anything brings this disgrace upon natural science, it will be the utter misconception of what it really is and what it can effect. If it falls from public esteem, it will be before the persistent text-book makers who are now swarming around it. Natural history is about as well suited to be taught by a text-book as morality or religion. If a book must come into the business, it will be good in proportion to its want of all the characters which belong to the class. Judged by this standard, we must award the unpretending work of Miss Youmans high praise. The author has unquestionably the proper conception of the duty of the teacher. Every effort is made to keep the attention of the student upon the object to be studied, and so well has she succeeded that we may safely say that the student can do nothing with the book unless he has the specimen in hand. As the title indicates, the object of the plan of instruction adopted by Miss Youmans, essentially that of Professor Henslow, of Oxford, is to cultivate the observing powers of children. She has very properly limited the field to the elements of structural botany. The plan of the work can be best understood by taking the arrangement of a single chapter. That which treats of "The Stem" has six exercises, under the following heads: "Parts of the Stem and Leaf Axil," "Appendages of the Stem," "Position of Leaves," "Arrangement of Leaves on the Stem," "Shapes of Stems," "Attitude of Stems," "Color, Surface, Size, and Structure." All of these features are distinctly shown by diagrammatic drawings, and there is a schedule to aid the student in his analysis. The plan is so arranged as to be suitable for a primary school, but the method is one which may apply to the college as well. We heartily recommend any teacher, in any department of natural science, who is wise enough to doubt the perfection of his methods, to look over this book.

As an appendix, the authoress gives us her opinions on the "Educational Claims of Botany." Although she assigns a high value to this study, it is not a higher value than any teacher who has had

varied experience in teaching natural history must award to it. The proper road into the biological sciences is certainly through the vegetable kingdom. The material is more accessible, the forms are less influenced by vitality, and the problems are not complicated by the great questions which come from the intellectual powers of animals; and, in giving us this good guide for the student, and better guide for the teacher, Miss Youmans has earned the thanks of all those who desire to see education what it should be.

The Woman of Business; or, The Lady and the Lawyer. A Novel. By Marmion Savage, author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," etc. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—This ought to be a very good book to take into the country for summer reading. It is long enough to last a not overvoracious reader for a whole season, and although it is constructed with no little skill, is not ill-written, and has some very fair character drawing, it is of a sufficiently unexciting, not to say uninteresting, description to allow its readers to lay it down readily at any moment, while yet it permits them to resume it free from any lively apprehension of being bored by it. This is not to give the book, as a book, any special praise, but, as we said before, we do not know that it is not the best recommendation of it for summer reading. A very good novel, taken to an out-of-the-way country place, is apt to produce lively dissensions between the best of friends, and gives occasion for some keen strategy for obtaining possession of it, which is rather discouraging to such observers as a prior reading of the book in question gives leisure to cherish optimistic views of human nature.

Of course, if one has a conscience about his amusements and desires to read nothing but "the best," he will not, on the score of such approval as we find ourselves able to give it, be likely to hasten to possess himself of this story—nor, indeed, will he stand in any great need of our advice to leave not only it but every other novel of the season unopened. Judging from the numbers and the badness of most of them, one is driven to conclude, however, that the ordinary novel-reader is not overburdened with either conscience or discrimination in his choice of amusements.

A Race for a Wife. By Hawley Smart, author of "Breezie Langton." (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.) *Breezie Langton: A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five.* By Hawley Smart, author of "A Race for a Wife." (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—These are novels of a kind which, while they indicate on the part of their author a certain kind of cleverness and what is called "knowledge of the world," are good for nothing but to pass away the idlest of hours, and are not even then likely to prove other than an aggravation of its dullness. They are sporting novels, devoted in great part to unexciting details of the turf and gaming-table, which read as though their author had devoted himself to a class of subjects and a kind of readers with the sole view of attempting to make literature in his own case a tolerably well-paying profession. The hack novelist is visible on every one of his pages. As to his plots, incidents, and characters, they are alike old and unexciting, and though neither of these novels is to be found fault with on the score of immorality, the rapid moralizing in which their author indulges himself after a fashion not unsuggestive of Mr. Lawrence, is nearly as valid a reason for condemning them. We are sorry to find the Appletons including them in their "Library of Choice Novels," where they assuredly make a poor show beside stories like Freytag's "Lost Manuscript," and are easily put to shame by Mrs. Oliphant and Anthony Trollope.

Harbaugh's Harfe. Gedichte in Pennsylvanisch Deutscher Mundart, von H. Harbaugh, D.D., herausgegeben von B. Bausman. (Harbaugh's Harp. Poems in Pennsylvania German Dialect, by H. Harbaugh, D.D., edited by B. Bausman.) (Reformed Church Publication Board, Philadelphia. 1870. Pp. 117.)—A very tender affection and a pious zeal have together produced a really praiseworthy monument to an excellent man. Dr. Harbaugh was very popular among his own church and his own neighbors, and he wrote books that have been acceptably received in the large circle of pious people, on "The Future Life" and other kindred subjects. His own life was that of a successful and self-made man from among Pennsylvania Germans. His great-grandfather came from Switzerland in 1736, and settled in Berks County, Pa. His descendant, the author of the poems in which the ancestral tongue is preserved, was one of twelve children, and his own poetry is the best witness to the life he led.

After working on the paternal farm, in the intervals of hard work picking up what he could at the country school, he became a cabinet-

maker, and supported himself by his handiwork until, and even during, his partial course of study at Marshall College and the Theological School in Mercersburg. His pastoral life was passed at Lewisburg, Lancaster, and Lebanon, and for the last years of his life he was Professor of Theology at his own Alma Mater at Mercersburg. He was born and bred, and spent his life and labor, and died in the very home of Pennsylvania German, and what he wrote in honest simplicity was read in perfect faith. His poems have been collected in this volume, and to them have been added very simple and not ineffective sketches, that reproduce the scenes of the author's birth and life, while an admirable explanation of the dialect itself, with nine pages of a glossary, rather than a dictionary, giving the words in Pennsylvania German, in German, and in English, make the book really useful as an addition to our small stock of philology of our own country. The author of this little sketch, Mr. J. M. Beck, of the Reading *Adler*, is of opinion that Pennsylvania German is a dialect of its own, but nearest to that of the Pfaltz or Rhenish Palatinate, brought over by the early emigrants from that section of Germany. It is, of course, largely affected by its stronger English neighbor: but that varies in degree, for in the Lehigh Valley the German has kept the upper hand, while in the Susquehanna the English element is more marked, although the dialect itself has become the "Haussprache" of many families of Scotch and Irish origin. Of the strictly literary or poetical merit of the work we have the less need to speak, because it has a special interest of its own in thus preserving the customs and the language of one section of our country. But, as com-

pared to the other productions in the same dialect, of which several have recently been first mentioned in the *Nation* and afterwards attracted attention both abroad and at home, "Harbaugh's Harfe" is a world ahead of the "Pit Schwefelbrenner" and other merely political or would-be comical popular appeals. As contrasted to the Hans Breitmann books, too, it has the merit of being truthful and honest, and as showing exactly what Pennsylvania German is both in the population that speak it and in the few who are trying to give it shape and form enough to preserve it in print.

* * Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| Authors.—Titles. | Publishers.—Prices. |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| Black (Wm.), Kilmeny..... | (Harper & Bros.) \$0 50 |
| Collins (Wilkie), Man and Wife..... | " " 1 50 |
| Dixon (Wm. Hepworth), Free Russia..... | " " " " |
| Elliot (Chas. S.), Songs of Yale..... | (Chas. C. Chatfield & Co.) 1 00 |
| Edwards (E.), Lives of the Founders of the British Museum..... | (J. W. Bouton) |
| Four Friends, The Golden Treasury Psalter..... | (Macmillan & Co.) |
| Hackett (Prof. H. B.), Dr. Wm. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Amer. ed..... | (Hurd & Houghton) 0 75 |
| Koner (Prof. Dr. W.), Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin..... | (Dietrich Reimer) |
| Legge (Alfred Owen), The Temporal Power of the Papacy..... | (Macmillan & Co.) |
| March (Rev. D.), Our Father's House..... | (Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.) |
| Macgregor (J.), The Rob Roy on the Jordan..... | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Smith (Rev. R. P.), Prophecy a Preparation for Christ..... | (Gould & Lincoln) |
| Stirling (J. H.), As Regards Protoplasm..... | (Chas. C. Chatfield & Co.) 0 25 |
| Thackeray (Miss A. L.), Miss Thackeray's Works..... | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Webster (W. G.) and Wheeler (W. A.), Webster's Pocket Dictionary..... | (Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.) |

The Greatest Library in the World.

NOW READY.

Lives of the Founders, Augmenters, and other Benefactors of the British Museum—1570-1870.

Based on New Researches at the Rolls House; in the Department of MSS. of the British Museum; in the Privy Council Office; and in other Collections, Public and Private. By EDWARD EDWARDS. 1 vol. thick 8vo, large and beautiful type, cloth, \$8. Large paper, royal 8vo (only 60 copies printed), cloth, \$17 50.

* * By a special arrangement with the English publishers, Messrs. Trübner & Co., the above is offered at the greatly reduced price mentioned.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

MEMOIRS OF LIBRARIES;

Including a Hand-book of Library Economy. With Diagrams, Fac-similes, and other Illustrations. 2 thick vols. 8vo, cloth, \$13 50.

The same, on large and heavy paper, 2 vols. royal 8vo, \$27 50.

LIBRARIES AND FOUNDERS OF LIBRARIES.

1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$7 50.

The same, large paper, royal 8vo, cloth, \$15.

FREE TOWN LIBRARIES.

Their Formation, Working, and Results, in Britain, France, Germany, and America. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$7 50.

J. W. BOUTON,

BOOKSELLER AND IMPORTER,

706 Broadway, New York.

HARTFORD, CONN.,

Daily and Weekly Times

Have widespread circulations throughout the Connecticut Valley, and find ready admission to thousands of families as regularly as the return of the seasons. The *Times* was established in 1817, and there is not a State in the Union, or hardly a civilized country on the earth, to which copies are not sent.

TERMS: \$2 50 a year, or to Clubs, \$2, for Weekly; \$8 for Daily.

* * One of the best mediums for advertisers in New England. Address "Daily Times, Hartford, Conn."

A Popular Life of Dickens.

READY IN A FEW DAYS.

CHARLES DICKENS:

A Sketch of his Life and Works.

WITH A FINE PORTRAIT ON STEEL AND A VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE AT GAD'S HILL.

12mo, cloth, \$1.

Uniform with Hurd & Houghton's "Household Edition of Dickens's Works," and may be bound with the "Globe" and other editions.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS, Publishers,
ASSOCIATION BUILDING,
Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York.

THE EVENING POST,
HARTFORD.

The Largest Paper published in Connecticut.

The attention of Advertisers is called to the fact that the *EVENING POST* combines the entire circulation of the *Morning Post* and the *Evening Press*, and is issued in Three Editions Daily, and has the Largest Circulation of any Evening Paper in New England (out of Boston).

The best advertising medium in the State. Advertising Rates furnished on application.

THE CONNECTICUT POST

Is the best Weekly Family Newspaper published in New England. Its circulation has more than doubled during the past year, and is rapidly increasing from week to week.

Its ample proportions, containing Eight Pages of Forty-eight Columns, with Supplement of Twelve Columns, twice a month, afford sufficient room for a systematic arrangement of a large amount of variety of reading matter.

A leading characteristic of the *Post* is its State and New England News, which is furnished by responsible correspondents, and collected with care from other sources, making the *CONNECTICUT POST* in every respect a superior first-class Family Journal, specially adapted to the wants of New Englanders. In all departments it is fresh, choice, and sparkling.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

EVENING POST (Daily), One Year, \$8.

CONNECTICUT POST (Weekly), One Year, \$2.

AGENTS WANTED—

\$100 to \$200 per month—

Clergymen, School-teachers, Smart Young Men, and Ladies wanted to canvass for the New Book,

"OUR FATHER'S HOUSE;

OR,

THE UNWRITTEN WORD."

By DANIEL MARCH, the popular author of "Night Scenes."

This master in thought and language shows us untold riches and beauties in the Great House, with its blooming flowers, singing birds, waving palms, rolling clouds, beautiful bow, sacred mountains, delightful rivers, mighty oceans, thundering voices, blazing heavens, and vast universe with countless beings in millions of worlds, and reads to us in each the Unwritten Word. Rose-tinted paper, ornate engravings, and superb binding. Send for circular, in which is a full description and universal commendations by the press, ministers, and college professors, in the strongest possible language.

ZEIGLER & McCURDY,

PUBLISHERS,

16 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

No. 607 Chestnut St., Phila.

The *EVENING BULLETIN* offers special advantages by its Large Circulation in Business and Family Circles, for all departments of Business Advertising. As the oldest and best Philadelphia evening paper it is the most desirable advertising medium, and is printed on fine paper, large quarto, forty-eight columns, containing the fullest Telegraphic News, Commercial and Financial Reports, Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, Literary and Art intelligence, and all the requisites of a first-class Business and Family Newspaper.

Published by PEACOCK, FETHERSTON & CO.,
607 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

L. W. SCHMIDT,

GERMAN BOOKSELLER,

24 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK,

Imports regularly all the leading Foreign Publications, including Periodicals.

Foreign works noticed in the *NATION* kept constantly on hand or procured to order.

FOREIGN AGENTS OF THE NATION.

GREAT BRITAIN.—George Street, 30 Cornhill, London, E. C.

IRELAND.—R. D. Webb & Son, Dublin.

FRANCE.—Bowles Brothers & Co., 12 rue de la Paix, Paris.

SWITZERLAND.—Vérésoff & Garrigues, Place Bel-Air, Geneva.

ITALY.—Furse Brothers & Co., 9 Piazza di Spagna, Rome. Cerulli & Co., 5 Vico Satriano a Chiaja, Naples.

TERMS TO FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

Five Dollars per annum, plus postage, in advance.

